THE HISTORY OF NED EVANS.

THE HISTORY OF NED EVANS.

"O'erstep not the modesty of Nature!"

SHAKESPEARE.

SECOND EDITION.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. G. AND J. ROBINSON,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

M.DCC.XCVII.

47
5
7
63

THE

HISTORY

OF

NED EVANS.

CHAP. XXXVI.

LORD Ravenſdale was not yet compoſed enough to join the company in the parlour; but when tea was over, he ſent down his compliments to Mr. Evans, and deſired to ſee him in his library: he advanced to receive that youth with the moſt engaging condeſcenſion; and after paying him the juſteſt compliments on his ſpirit, and expreſſing the warmeſt ſenſe of the ob-

ligation it had laid him under, he adverted to the ſtrange conduct of Lord Squanderfield to Ned, after dinner, the whole of which had been related to him by Lord Rivers and the Captain. Ned was going to offer ſomething or another in excuſe for Lord Squanderfield, and to expreſs that for his own part he did not feel the ſmalleſt uneaſineſs, and far leſs any reſentment for any neglect that might be ſhewn him by that nobleman. "I know," ſays Lord Ravenſdale, "that great minds are not moved by trifling cauſes; and an author, whom I know you revere, has told us, that it is the glory of a man to paſs over a tranſgreſſion: —but though his lordſhip's ill manners have made no impreſſion on your temper, yet his meanneſs, as I am informed, has made a very deep one on your purſe, which however it is my duty to repair, and therefore I requeſt your acceptance of theſe notes." Ned Evans, ſomewhat embarraſſed, would have declined this preſent, aſſuring his lordſhip that he had already done

done ſo much for him as to prevent his being diſtreſſed by Lord Squanderfield's demand. "That is of no conſequence," ſaid his lordſhip; "this is a matter of juſtice, and not of favour, ſo put up the fifty guineas as your right; but know, my young friend, that nothing I have yet done for you does at all acquit me in my own mind of the debt I owe you, which the adventure of this day has ſo much increaſed. I do therefore from this day take you under my particular patronage, which, if it pleaſes God to ſpare both our lives, will, I hope, be able to puſh you up in your profeſſion. Amid the ſcenes in which you will ſhortly be involved, you will find many demands for neceſſaries, more I fear than your pay, however wiſely managed, will be able to furniſh. I will therefore add to it two hundred guineas a-year, which will be paid quarterly to the agent of the regiment, along with the allowance which I give my ſon, and which you may draw for as you find occaſion. And that you may not loſe

an opportunity of riſing when it offers, for want of a little money on the ſpot, you may conſider yourſelf as poſſeſſed of one thouſand guineas in my hands, for which I will order a bond to be made out and given you, bearing intereſt at five per cent, and which may lie and accumulate till you can lay it out to advantage."

"My lord," replied Ned, "your lordſhip's generoſity, as it is altogether unbounded, ſo does it ſo far ſurpaſs whatever I could have thought of or conceived, that I hope your lordſhip will not think me ungrateful, becauſe I can find no words to expreſs my feelings for ſo much goodneſs: but if a heart entirely devoted to your lordſhip and your family, and a life the buſineſs of which ſhall be to deſerve that patronage which you have ſo generouſly beſtowed upon me, can be an offering any way acceptable to you; I beg leave to lay both at your feet, and to kiſs that hand which has raiſed me from the duſt, and placed me on an eminence commanding ſo many extenſive

tenſive views." With theſe words he raiſed Lord Ravenſdale's hand to his lips, whilſt the old nobleman enjoyed the exquiſite delight of filling a moſt virtuous and deſerving heart with joy and gladneſs.

Oh! what luxurious enjoyments could riches purchaſe, if rightly applied! How excellent a friend might we make of mammon, did we but place our eſteem upon its real merits! Far from being a deluſive poſſeſſion, which makes unto itſelf wings and flies away, or which, even while it ſtays, mocks its owner with unreal joys, that it may the eaſier plunge him into real ſorrows, it might, if wiſely managed, be rendered a ſource of unceaſing delight in this world, and at the ſame time be laid up in the treaſury of heaven, to bear an intereſt of ten thouſand fold to all eternity.

Ned now acquainted Lord Ravenſdale with his intention of ſhortly taking leave of his lordſhip, and joining his regiment, which was in a few weeks to ſail for America. His lordſhip approved of this reſo-

lution; but hoped that this diſaſtrous war would ſoon be brought to a concluſion, and that they ſhould both live to meet again at Ravenſdale, where, as long as he was maſter, Mr. Evans ſhould always find a cordial and ſincere welcome.

Ned made his bow, and retired. Inclination would have led him immediately to have ſought Lady Cecilia, and communicate to her the generoſity of her noble father; but he remembered the caution her ladyſhip had given him, and reſolved to wait till fortune ſhould grant him another precious opportunity of meeting her unperceived, and laying open to her the inmoſt receſſes of his heart. He went up therefore to his own room, to indulge a while in ſilent meditation on the tranſactions of that day, which had brought forth ſo many extraordinary events, and produced ſo fortunate and ſo unlooked-for a change in his own circumſtances. He had not been long there when the poſt arrived from Dublin; and David Morgan, whom

whom we had almoſt loſt ſight of among the higher characters at Ravenſdale, came up with much joy in his countenance, and brought him a letter from Wales. Ned kiſſed the ſeal, which he knew to be his father's, and diſmiſſed David, telling him he would inform him of any news reſpecting him before he went to bed.

It is ſo long ſince we have had any intercourſe with the honeſt curate, that with Ned's leave we will take the liberty of reading his letter ourſelves, as we are confident there are no ſecrets in it, which he might wiſh to conceal from us.

"Ti-gwin, April 17, 1780.

"MY DEAR NED,

"I received your laſt letter with ſingular ſatisfaction, becauſe I know no quality in the human mind more eſtimable, nor any in which it is more apt to be deficient, than the forming a juſt eſtimate of its own miſconduct. You ſeem ſo fully ſenſible of this, and ſpeak ſo feelingly on the ſubject

of the great error you have revealed to me, that it would be ungenerous in me, and I think needleſs, to add to your affliction on that account: what I ſhall offer therefore ſhall be conſolation, and to aſſure you that the poor creature ſhall receive from me all the compaſſionate aſſiſtance that her ſituation will require.

"I ſhould have ſatisfied you in this point ſooner, but that it was ſome time before I could recover the ſurpriſe of the circumſtance; and ſince then I have been much hurried, and perhaps agitated about an event that happened ſoon after you left us, and the concluſion of which I have not been able to inform you of till this time.

"You muſt know, then, that my old rector Doctor Ellis has paid the great debt of nature: and as I have been a curate thirty-ſix years, eighteen of which I have ſerved this pariſh without ever being abſent but two Sundays, this was thought by my good friends Sir Edwin Thomas and Mr. Rowland, the principal land-owners reſiding

reſiding in it, a good foundation for them to make application for me to my Lord Biſhop; and this application was backed by all the congregation who were thought conſiderable enough to ſign it. I own I did give way to the pleaſing hope that I ſhould have been ſucceſsful, eſpecially as the biſhop has always behaved to me with much kindneſs and condeſcenſion. Your poor mother too was delighted with the affluence which was to cheer our old days, and was projecting ſome comfortable additions to the houſe, and a number of kind things for ſome of our pooreſt neighbours, which, to ſay the truth, it is a thouſand pities will never take place. I endeavoured to repreſs, without quenching her expectations; for I thought it barbarous to interrupt the firſt pleaſing moments I have ſeen her enjoy ſince ſhe loſt your ſociety; and I therefore joined in her amiable reveries, always however qualifying them by adverting to the comforts we might have, even though we ſhould not get the living.

"At length the biſhop wrote to Sir Edwin and Mr. Rowland, lamenting, in terms which I believe ſincere, his inability to comply with their requeſt, he being under the engagement of a promiſe to the nobleman who made him a biſhop, for a gentleman, a near friend of the member for the county.

"Thus, my dear boy, unleſs you get into parliament, I ſhall never have a living in my days. But, alas! even this is not the worſt of it. Our new rector is come down, and officiated for the firſt time laſt Sunday. He is a young man, hardly five-and-twenty; and having lived moſtly in England, is not very perfect in his Welch. When I mentioned the time I had ſerved as curate, he ſeemed ſurpriſed, and lamented that I had not been provided for, eſpecially as he, being ſo young a man, could not think of having any perſon to do his duty for him, and therefore in future he would diſpenſe with my aſſiſtance;—o that, inſtead of getting the living, I have

loſt

loſt the curacy. I confeſs to you, my dear Ned, that the firſt emotion this intelligence cauſed in me was like an electric ſhock, for it was wholly unexpected: and as it lops off at one blow half of my income, I may be excuſed if it ſtaggered me a little. Yet I declare, the bittereſt pang I felt was for the effect I feared it would have upon your poor mother. Yet in this I was happily miſtaken. Whether the firſt diſappointment was ſo great that this made leſs impreſſion, or whether ſhe had framed her mind to meet all the diſappointments that can ariſe to her, I cannot tell. But when I communicated the intelligence to her, and expected her to be violently affected, it was no ſuch thing. She turned to me with a look of benevolence and love, her eye moiſtened with a tear, and, like Andromache, δακρυσεν γελασασα, ſhe threw her arms about my neck, and ſaid, "Whilſt they leave me my huſband, and I know that my Edward lives, I ſhall never be unhappy." Though I have been

ſix-and-thirty years the happy huſband of this excellent woman, yet did I never know the full powers of her mind, nor the ſtrength of her confidence in God, till this occaſion. I had never indeed before ſeen her ſo much tried. All that ſhe laments in the diminution of our income is the inability it lays her under of continuing many little comforts and kindneſſes which thoſe about us uſed to ſhare in. It has alſo in ſome reſpect reconciled her better to your abſence. The little round hat you uſed to wear, and which hung over the ſideboard, ſhe has never ſuffered to be removed, nor the cane ſwitch you uſed generally to carry out with you, and which ſtill ſtands in the corner where you left it. Laſt night, after ſupper, ſhe took down the hat, and held it ſome minutes on her knee. "I uſed to like to ſee thee hang yonder!" ſaid ſhe, "for thou remindeſt me of the dear head thou uſedſt to cover, and it looked as if he ſtill was near. But now, my dear!" ſaid ſhe, turning to me," "I am glad he is from

us,

us, and that it hath pleaſed God to open a way to him in which he may earn a ſubſiſtence, and eſcape the many mortifications he could not avoid feeling had he remained with us."—"My beſt beloved!" ſaid I, "the whole of our dear Ned's ſucceſs is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes: and let this give you confidence, as it really does me, that he will never leave us nor forſake us."—"God forbid," replied ſhe, "that I ſhould ever want this confidence! I reſt fully ſatisfied in it—and believe from my ſoul that whatever he ordains for us, will at laſt be found to have been the beſt." Thus has this ſeemingly moſt unfortunate circumſtance been productive of ſome immediate good. We are now as low as we can fall; but let not my dear Edward think that we are unhappy on that account. It is the very reverſe, I aſſure you; for this perhaps was the only event that could at this time have reconciled your poor mother to your abſence: and having now no deeper blow to fear from

from Fortune, we bid defiance to that capricious dame, nor envy any the poſſeſſion of her gifts, the tenure of which is ſo precarious.

" I have extended this letter to an unuſual length, becauſe I know you will get it free, and becauſe I wiſhed you to be fully appriſed of the alteration in our affairs, and how little we are diſcompoſed by it.

" As for the news of this place, there is little that can be intereſting to you beyond the precincts of this humble roof. Our neighbour Watkins is labouring aſſiduouſly, and I dare ſay ſucceſsfully, in amaſſing the treaſures of this world. His daughter was very frequently with us after you went away, and, if I miſtake not, mingled her tears with your mother's: but time is a remedy for all ſores; and rumour ſays that young Colebrook of Aſhfield is ſhortly to obliterate the traces of any former attachment ſhe might have conceived. I ſaw our friend Doctor Jones lately: he and

his

his family are well, and desire to be affectionately remembered to you. Your dog Towser is in excellent keeping, being taken under the immediate protection of your mother ever since your departure. Tell Morgan, his father and mother are both well, and desire their blessing to him, which I hope he will deserve. And thus having dispatched the domestic occurrences, I have nothing farther to add, than to beg you to present our most respectful, yet most affectionate compliments to Lady Cecilia; and that you will yourself receive the benefits of those fervent prayers which we do not fail to offer up to the Throne of Grace for your well-being and happiness both here and hereafter, and that you may be in due time restored to the embrace of

Your ever affectionate father and friend,

EVAN EVANS."

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVII.

HAD Ned received this letter a few days or even a few hours ſooner, it would not have failed to have caſt a deep gloom upon his ſpirits, and to have rent his heart with dutiful and tender ſympathy for thoſe accumulated diſtreſſes that ſeemed to be gathering round the head of his virtuous and venerable parent. But the firſt thought that ſtruck him was his own power to relieve them, which the great and good Lord Ravenſdale had that evening ſo beneficently enabled him to do. Full of this idea, he returned immediately to his lordſhip, and told him he took the liberty to requeſt him to read the letter which he had juſt received.

When his lordſhip had finiſhed, and looked towards Ned, in whoſe eye a tear ſtood gliſtening, though pleaſure glowed upon his countenance, he inſtantly diſcovered the ſentiments that filled his ſoul; which

fully approving and participating in, he prevented any embarraſſment by thus breaking the matter himſelf—"I read in your countenance, my amiable young friend, the virtuous deſire of your heart; you wiſh to make an offering of the firſt fruits of your fortune upon the altar of filial duty and affection. I applaud your piety, and ſhall rejoice to aſſiſt in this ſacrifice."

"Your lordſhip," replied Ned, "has truly divined my wiſhes, and your generous participation in them overpowers me with pleaſure."—"There is no need for your being overpowered," ſaid his lordſhip, "for I will take a ſhare of this pleaſure with you. I have told you that you might conſider yourſelf as poſſeſſed of one thouſand guineas in my hands, and that it ſhould bear intereſt at five per cent, from this day. "Now what is it that you wiſh to do?"

"I ſhould wiſh," replied Ned, "that your lordſhip would have the goodneſs to remit that intereſt regularly to my father." "Then my lordſhip will have that goodneſs," replied

 the

CHAP. XXXVII.

HAD Ned received this letter a few days or even a few hours ſooner, it would not have failed to have caſt a deep gloom upon his ſpirits, and to have rent his heart with dutiful and tender ſympathy for thoſe accumulated diſtreſſes that ſeemed to be gathering round the head of his virtuous and venerable parent. But the firſt thought that ſtruck him was his own power to relieve them, which the great and good Lord Ravenſdale had that evening ſo beneficently enabled him to do. Full of this idea, he returned immediately to his lordſhip, and told him he took the liberty to requeſt him to read the letter which he had juſt received.

When his lordſhip had finiſhed, and looked towards Ned, in whoſe eye a tear ſtood gliſtening, though pleaſure glowed upon his countenance, he inſtantly diſcovered the ſentiments that filled his ſoul; which

fully approving and participating in, he prevented any embarraſſment by thus breaking the matter himſelf—"I read in your countenance, my amiable young friend, the virtuous deſire of your heart; you wiſh to make an offering of the firſt fruits of your fortune upon the altar of filial duty and affection. I applaud your piety, and ſhall rejoice to aſſiſt in this ſacrifice."

"Your lordſhip," replied Ned, "has truly divined my wiſhes, and your generous participation in them overpowers me with pleaſure."—"There is no need for your being overpowered," ſaid his lordſhip, "for I will take a ſhare of this pleaſure with you. I have told you that you might conſider yourſelf as poſſeſſed of one thouſand guineas in my hands, and that it ſhould bear intereſt at five per cent, from this day. "Now what is it that you wiſh to do?"

"I ſhould wiſh," replied Ned, "that your lordſhip would have the goodneſs to remit that intereſt regularly to my father." "Then my lordſhip will have that goodneſs," replied

the earl, "and you may inform him of it as ſoon as you pleaſe; and I would give it to him myſelf, but that it would be depriving you of the heartfelt ſatisfaction that I know it will give you to be the means of making the remainder of your father's days eaſy, and him of the delight of owing that comfort to your gratitude; and believe me, Mr. Evans, no money I ever laid out in all my life, gave me ſo much pleaſure, or brought me ſo rich an intereſt as this thouſand pound has already repaid me, which makes me hope that it will be attended throughout with a peculiar bleſſing. So I would have you acquaint your father with this pleaſing circumſtance the very firſt poſt; and you ſhall have a bill for twenty-five guineas to make him his firſt remittance of his annuity. Ned, all rapture, was going to throw himſelf at his lordſhip's feet; but he took him by the hand, and, giving him a cordial ſhake, inſiſted upon his not ſpeaking a ſingle word more upon the ſubject. His lordſhip was ſhortly after

as good as his word; and Ned had the heartfelt pleaſure to reply to his father's letter in the following words.

"Ravenſdale, April 27, 1780.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Your letter of the 17th now lies before me, and if you will believe me, I am actually at this inſtant ſhedding tears over it; not however of ſorrow for your unexpected removal from the curacy, nor (I will confeſs to you) of contrition for the great error in my conduct which I have revealed to you, but of gratitude for the gentle manner in which you reprove that error, and the generoſity with which you promiſe to protect the unfortunate partner of my guilt, in the expected hour of her diſtreſs.

"Oh! my father, if every parent would be thus gentle and friendly, I do not believe there could be an undutiful child in the world.

"The account you give me of the loſs

of

of your curacy, if I had received it a few days ago, would have afflicted me extremely; but, my father, there is a Power who never forſakes the righteous, nor ſuffers his ſeed to beg their bread. Surely that Power has led me hither, and directed the events, by which I am enabled to prevent your being diſtreſſed by this circumſtance. A terrible accident had like to have happened to our lovely friend Lady Cecilia, and, under God, ſhe owes her life to theſe hands. Her generous father has rewarded me in a princely manner, and deſires me to remit you the encloſed bill for twenty-five guineas, and to inform you that a like ſum will be ſent you every ſix months, the intereſt of one thouſand pounds, which he allows me to call my own, and for which I have his bond. He moreover adds to my pay two hundred pounds a-year. I am not vain enough to aſcribe all this to any merit of my own—No, my father, it is the proviſion of Heaven for your virtue, and I am graciouſly

ciouſly made an inſtrument in it, that the bleſſing might come heightened to you with every circumſtance that can endear it.

" I anticipate my dear mother's delight, when you read to her this letter, particularly as ſhe will now be able to put ſome of her benevolent plans in execution, and to increaſe the little circle of her domeſtic comforts; and tell her, that let her contemplate the round hat, and reflect ever ſo often upon the head it covered, yet ſhe will not think oftener nor more tenderly of me than I do of her; for though I have no external remembrancer of her, yet ſhe is the conſtant inmate of my heart, and the object of my deareſt recollection.

" You have already been informed by me, how we ſpend our time in this noble manſion. I have nothing to regret, but the rapidity with which it wings its flight, and the ſhort remnant that is left me of the happieſt hours that ever were indulged to a human being, Ah! my father, can you not diſcover the ſource of this felicity?—

Yes

Yes—Cecilia loves me—the moſt amiable, and one of the moſt elevated of women deigns to think kindly of your humble Edward. But huſh! I tell you this in the confidence of duty and affection; and though I place no bounds to my aſpiring hopes, yet you may reſt aſſured that I ſhall never forget for a moment the honour of a ſoldier, nor the delicacy of the ſituation in which I am placed. A few days therefore will tear me from this paradiſe, perhaps never more to behold either it or its lovely inhabitant:—but then I know I ſhall live in her memory and her affection; and I ſhould be unworthy of ſo much excellence, if any private paſſion, though dear to me as life, ſhould outweigh the duty which I owe to my king and to my country. I expect therefore, the day after to-morrow, to leave Ravenſdale, and proceed to Cork, where the regiment is ſhortly to embark for Charleſtown; and in quitting Ravenſdale, I quit a place become as dear to me even as Ti-gwin—a place

where I have experienced the tenderneſs of a father, the kindneſs of a brother, the fidelity of a friend, and, above all, the generous attachment of diſintereſted love.

" Forgive me then, my father, if I can no longer offer you the whole of my heart; half of it I am conſtrained to leave behind me—but ſo ennobled by its ſympathetic union with that of the divine Cecilia, that the part which remains, and which you will never ceaſe to poſſeſs, is much more valuable than the whole uſed to be, before it was animated by the promethean fire of her eyes.

" Were I diſpoſed to be vain, I might brag of the preference given me by her ladyſhip over a rival you would think formidable indeed—no leſs than an Engliſh viſcount, with twenty thouſand pounds a year; but he is ſo wretched a ſample of a man, whatever he may be of a lord, that I do not feel diſpoſed to plume myſelf much upon this victory. By the by, he has an eſtate in our country, and is landlord, or

rather

rather was landlord to the good old woman who ſo hoſpitably lodged you the night you left old Muckworm's, It is the viſcount Squanderfield I talk of, who has been here ſome time. The knowledge of his conduct towards thoſe poor people gave me an unfavourable prejudice againſt him, which a little longer acquaintance has not contributed to remove.

" I rejoice at the health and happineſs of all my old friends in Wales, and particularly in the probability you mention of Harriet Watkin being ſpeedily married to her own and her friends' ſatisfaction. I beg you will remember me in the kindeſt manner to her and the family, and in general to all thoſe who are obliging enough to enquire after me. David Morgan deſires his duty to you, and to his father and mother; he is a ſtout, ſtrapping fellow, and accords vaſtly well with the land of potatoes, where the laſſes ſeem to be very fond of him: nevertheleſs, like his maſter, he will ſacrifice love on the altar of duty,

and,

and, I am perſuaded, acquit himſelf like a man, in whatever warfare he may be engaged.

"And now, my father, I know not when I ſhall addreſs you again, nor when I can hope to have the happineſs of hearing from you: if the thoughts of the few miles of ſea that divide Wales from Ireland filled me with regret when I parted from you, what muſt be my feelings when I contemplate thoſe thouſands of miles of ocean which are ſoon to roll their inhoſpitable billows between us! I confeſs to you, this thought, if I was to dwell much upon it, would overwhelm me with melancholy. I will baniſh it therefore from my mind, and yield to that more juſt as well as more pleaſing contemplation, that though I take the wings of the morning, and remain in the uttermoſt parts of the ſea, yet I ſhall ſtill be under that eye which regards us both, and in the protection of him to whom all diſtance is as nothing, and who I confidently truſt will grant us the bleſſing

to meet again. In this ſweet hope, with every tender and grateful ſentiment for my mother, I remain,

Dear Sir,

Your very affectionate and dutiful ſon,

EDWARD EVANS."

No opportunity occurred to Ned, this evening, of meeting Lady Cecilia again. Her ladyſhip complained of a head-ach, and abſented herſelf from ſupper; but it was probably more on account of her diſlike to Lord Squanderfield than for any real indiſpoſition. Indeed that nobleman began to perceive that his deſign would be totally fruitleſs; and, notwithſtanding his high opinion of himſelf, even to ſuſpect that the humble ſon of the Welch curate had an influence on that noble and ſpotleſs heart, which all his dignity and fortune could never attain. This made him determine upon ſhortening his viſit at Ravenſdale, but not without hinting his ſuſpicion of Lady Cecilia's attachment, both to the

old

old and young lord. They imputed this ſuſpicion entirely to malice, which they were but too ſenſible his lordſhip was mean enough to let rankle in his breaſt; and as they knew of Ned's determination to join his regiment immediately, they did not give either themſelves or Lady Cecilia any uneaſineſs about the matter.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

THE ſtealing hours of time had now brought round the laſt day in which Edward was to enjoy the hoſpitality of Ravenſdale, and the ſociety of his adored Cecilia.

His friend Captain Rivers had agreed to accompany him to Cork, to introduce him to the regiment ſome little time previous to their ſailing. This laſt morning they employed in making ſome farewell viſits in the neighbourhood, and among others to the Nettlefields. On this occaſion Ned

was introduced to the ladies of the family, and could not help lamenting, that ſo much gentleneſs and good ſenſe as they diſcovered, ſhould be grafted on ſuch a rough and auſtere ſtock as had fallen to their lot. Ned did not fail on his return to reviſit that houſe of mourning, on which his accidental preſence had ſome time before ſhed the firſt beams of comfort and conſolation. Here he had the ſatisfaction to receive the fervent bleſſing of that widowed heart which he had made to ſing for joy; and to hear the prayer of gratitude for recovered health uttered by the loveliеſt lips, and witneſſed by the moſt radiant eyes that perhaps ever beamed from under the humble thatch of an Iriſh cottage.

Ned indeed could not have recogniſed his patient in any other place; and the captain was all amazement, having never heard of the adventure, nor ever before beheld ſo much elegance in ruſtic beauty. "I am come, my good dame," ſaid Ned, "to take my leave of you, and to tell you I

am

am going to the ſame wars with your ſon. If I ſee him, I ſhall be kind to him for your ſake. In the mean time I am happy to ſee your daughter looking ſo well, and hope, when I return, to ſee you both better and happier in every reſpect."

"May the Lord be your ſhield by day, and your pillow by night!" replied the old woman; "and may he bring you back in ſafety, and my ſon with you! for, had it not been for you, neither my daughter nor myſelf would have been alive this day."

Something Ned ſaid in return, for he alighted, and ſpoke to both the women; but what it was Captain Rivers could not hear, for indeed on ſome occaſions he was ſo ſecret that his left hand hardly knew what his right hand did.

When they returned to Ravenſdale, they found Doctor Burton and his family come to dinner. The doctor had a high opinion of Ned, and wiſhed exceedingly to cultivate his acquaintance. Neither was this liking leſs on the part of Mr. Evans, who

was highly pleaſed with the graceful and dignified manner in which he performed the ſervice of the church, and who could not be inſenſible either to the claſſic elegance of his learning, or far leſs to the high character he maintained for uniting the moſt rigid and circumſpect morality with the utmoſt ſweetneſs and gentleneſs of manners. The youngeſt of his daughters, too, was a moſt intereſting character to thoſe who could be pleaſed with native beauty, unſophiſticated with any of thoſe artificial airs which thoſe who are bred in towns miſtake for grace, but which all lovers of true nature conſider as the meretricious trappings of deceitful art. She was beſides the boſom friend of Cecilia, which alone was ſufficient to make her dear to Edward. And indeed, had Lady Cecilia not been, ſhe ſeemed of all others the moſt likely to love and be loved by him. An infant attachment was perhaps formed in her gentle boſom towards him; but in her unreſerved intercourſe with Lady Cecilia, ſhe early diſcovered

covered in her ladyſhip traces of a ſimilar ſentiment, and therefore wiſely ſuppreſſed the embryo paſſion in her own breaſt, before it could ſhoot forth thoſe bloſſoms which would probably be blaſted before their prime, or produce only thorns to ſting and corrode her heart. Her attachment then, though it ſtopped ſhort of love, yet reached to the fulleſt extent of friendſhip, and was anſwered by a ſimilar and ſincere affection on the part of Edward.

On this day Lord Ravenſdale came down to dinner, and in the evening Lord Squanderfield accepted an invitation from Doctor Burton to paſs a few days with them, to the great joy of the eldeſt Miſs Burton and her mother, and to the regret of nobody, if we except the gentle and elegant Sophia.

When his lordſhip ſtepped into the coach, he took a formal leave of the family of Ravenſdale, but paſſed by Mr. Evans with as little regard as he did the footman who cloſed the ſtep after him. Ned an-

ſwered ſcorn with ſcorn, and thought himſelf fully as much honoured by his lordſhip's neglect as he could have been by any attention he could have ſhewn him.

In the evening Lord Ravenſdale ſent for him to his library, when, taking him by the hand, he thus addreſſed him :

" I am happy, Mr. Evans, to find the firſt impreſſions I received of your character, from the account Lady Cecilia gave me of your conduct and that of your worthy father to her when under your protection in Wales, greatly heightened and improved by the preſent obſervation I have made of you, ſince I have had the pleaſure of ſeeing you at Ravenſdale. Next to my own ſons there is no young man whoſe intereſt I have ſo much at heart as yours, nor any indeed who has ſo juſt a claim to whatever little patronage or protection it may be in my power to beſtow. Of theſe, therefore, and of whatever elſe the moſt diſintereſted friendſhip can do for you, you may always reſt aſſured. I am ſorry that the neceſſity of

the

the times calls you away from me ſo ſoon ; but my ſon William has, I know, the affection of a brother for you ; and as he has ſome little more experience of the world than it is poſſible you can yet have acquired, I think he will be a faithful, and I am ſure he will be a willing adviſer to you, in caſe any difficulties ſhould occur to you either in the line of your duty, or in any other event of your life. It will give me pleaſure therefore to hear that the friendſhip which has ſo happily commenced between you, may continue to improve through life, to the mutual comfort and advantage of you both. As for your moral conduct, you have been ſo well tutored by your excellent father, and you ſeem to have profited ſo well by that tuition, that I have nothing to add on that ſcore, unleſs to forewarn you, that in the ſcenes in which you will ſhortly be engaged, there is no poſſible temptation by which you will not be aſſailed, nor any corruption in which you will not be countenanced and ſupport-

ed by numbers. You will have need then to put on the whole armour of God; and as I have reaſon to think you are well ſupplied with this armour, and know perfectly how to wield it, I ſhall thank you to endeavour to arm my ſon with ſome of it, for the misfortune of the age is, that it is too often laid by to ruſt.—Of ſordid or diſgraceful vices I cannot think it poſſible that either of you ſhould be ever guilty; but the army is a ſchool of refined vice, where the moſt pernicious errors are ſet off and adorned with every thing that is moſt engaging and alluring. There, malice and revenge are called honour; prodigality, generoſity; adultery and laſciviouſneſs, gallantry and ſpirit; profaneneſs, wit; and ſo on. But the vice that is moſt common in camps, and moſt ruinous, is gambling; and I am ſorry to hear that this prevails in the moſt deplorable degree throughout the whole of our army in America. This vice you will ſee practiſed and countenanced by the firſt characters there, and therefore I would particularly

ticularly warn you againſt it, that you might not be miſled by great examples.

"For the reſt, I have nothing to add, but to commit you to the care of Heaven, which I truſt will ſend you back ſafe to your country and your friends, among whom I deſire you will rank me as one of the moſt ſincere; and as I hope often to hear from you, ſo I ſhall have ſtill greater pleaſure in ſeeing you, whenever it ſhall pleaſe God to ſtill the madneſs of the people, and reſtore to us the bleſſings of peace."

His lordſhip then took down a ſword, which had belonged to his nephew, the late Lord Rivers, and which was very richly ornamented with cut ſteel and precious ſtones, and, preſenting it to Ned, deſired him to wear it in remembrance of him, as well as of its former owner, whom he really thought he much reſembled, and who, had he not been cut off in the flower of his age, would have done as much honour to the name of Rivers as any perſon who ever bore it. Ned received the preſent with

the moſt profound reſpect; and after thanking his lordſhip with the moſt lively gratitude for all his princely beneficence to him, and aſſuring him of his conſtant regard and unceaſing remembrance of his wiſe and affectionate advice, he took his leave viſibly affected with emotions, which could not but be pleaſing to Lord Ravenſdale, as they unequivocally expreſſed the ſentiments of his heart.

From his lordſhip's library Ned retired to the garden, the uſual ſcene where, among its charming ſolitudes, he indulged his ſilent meditations when any event called him to particular reflection. It was night: a faint crimſon ſtreaked the extreme verge of the weſtern horizon, and marked the departing footſteps of the golden lord of day; whilſt, on the oppoſite ſide, the ſilver queen of night was already mounted in her radiant orb, cheering with her ſhadowy light the ſilent groves. Cloſe in their feathery neſts the woodland ſongſters hid their heads beneath their wing. Silence

reigned around, whilſt odours worthy paradiſe exhaled with the dew from ſleeping roſes mixed with woodbine and ſweet brier, which were every where profuſely ſcattered around. The ſweet ſpirits of innocence and happy love had tranquilliſed Ned's ſoul into an harmonious concord with ſurrounding nature, when lo! a ſoft and heavenly voice ſeemed to aſcend upon the wing of night, and charm the liſtening ſtars: the warbled notes, accompanied with ſoft touches of the lute, could come from a no leſs ſkilful muſician than Cecilia herſelf. Ned gently approached the bower in which ſhe was ſitting. All ear, he drank in ſtrains able to ſoothe pain itſelf into delight. With what rapture did he hear thoſe heavenly lips warble theſe few words:

Go, gallant youth!—Go, reap applauſe
Where Briton's ſons her ſtandards rear:
Go, guard thy injur'd country's cauſe,
Nor heed a hapleſs maiden's tear.
And may the powers who love the brave
Protect thee on the enſanguin'd plain,

Guard

Guard thy dear life through wind and wave,
And bleſs me with thy ſight again!

Ned could no longer refrain: he caſt himſelf at Cecilia's feet. She was not alarmed. What had ſhe to fear? Where love and honour are preſent, what evil dare approach? The happy—yet the cruel moment was arrived, which favoured him with a laſt interview with his ſoul's idol. How imperfectly could words deſcribe the feelings of theſe tender and faithful lovers! For half an hour their ſouls enjoyed that intercourſe which might have paſſed between two angels in heaven, and to the chaſte raptures of which nothing on earth could bear ſo near a reſemblance. But ſuch moments are too precious to be often beſtowed, or to be allowed to continue even when they are indulged. The felicity of this half-hour was to be a ſuſtaining cordial, which was to ſupport Ned's ſpirits through many perils, and for a length of time, perhaps for the remainder of his days: it had need

need therefore to be ſtrong; and it was ſuch as enabled him to ſupport the cruel ſeparation which the next morning was to doom them to, with all the fortitude that became a ſoldier. The remainder of the evening paſſed with that tender and chaſtiſed cheerfulneſs which might be expected to take place among dear friends who had met together perhaps for the laſt time. Lord Ravenſdale had retired to reſt, and only Lord Rivers and the Captain, with Lady Cecilia and Ned, ſat down to ſupper. The moſt cordial harmony ſubſiſted in this united family, and every member of it felt for Ned the attachment of the ſincereſt friendſhip. When therefore the hour of their ſeparation came, with ſo many chances againſt their ever meeting again, it is not to be wondered at if their laſt lingering look was dwelt on with moiſtened eyes, and that the door as it cloſed ſeemed like a barrier betwixt time and eternity.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIX.

THE morning had hardly begun to dapple the eaſt, before the horſes were at the door which were to convey Captain Rivers and Ned upon their journey. Ned envied every peaſant he ſaw, nay even the trees whoſe rooted habitation detained them in the neighbourhood of Cecilia. He caſt his eyes up to the windows of her chamber, which were ſtill cloſed, and breathed forth an ardent prayer for the beloved inhabitant, whoſe ſleeping fancy was perhaps juſt then occupied with the viſionary repetition of their laſt night's converſation. Oft did he turn his head as the groves of Ravenſdale receded from his view; and at the laſt ſpot from whence its friendly turrets could be ſeen, he ſtopped his horſe, and gazed a long farewell—"Adieu, ſweet ſhades! and ye, beloved and revered inhabitants! May Heaven ſhed its ſelecteſt

bleſſings

bleſſings on your heads, and grant us once again to meet in joy!"

As the day now advanced, the country became more intereſting: the fields had every where put on the vivid livery of ſpring, and ſoaring larks were ſinging their aërial ſongs up to the very gates of heaven: the genial air flung health and fragrance, to which the bloſſoming hawthorn gave a liberal ſhare. Ned's ſpirits began to revive, and by the time he joined the Captain had recovered their uſual tone. On the ſecond day they reached Cork to dinner, and were not a little pleaſed to find an excellent one prepared for their meſs, and a very agreeable company to partake of it. Here Ned was introduced to ſuch of his brother officers as he had never ſeen before; and, during the converſation after dinner, he had diſplayed ſo much gaiety and good humour as gave them a very favourable impreſſion of him, particularly as the events which led to his commiſſion, and his recent proweſs at Ravenſdale, were not

unknown

unknown to them. In the evening he accepted an invitation from Captain Fanſhaw, one of the officers of the regiment, to drink tea with him at his lodgings, where he was introduced to Mrs. Fanſhaw, a beautiful woman, with two ſweet infants, who could not be prevailed upon to ſtay behind her huſband, but was determined to undergo all the fatigues and dangers of a campaign with him. Here they ſpent a charming evening; for Mrs. Fanſhaw was an excellent performer on the piano forte, and had a very fine voice: her huſband played well on the baſs viol; both Captain Rivers and Ned could play on the violin and the German flute: and Edward's voice was hardly to be ſurpaſſed, even by the moſt admired performers. A little concert, in which ſome other ladies, friends of Mrs. Fanſhaw, alſo aſſiſted, contributed to give Ned a moſt flattering ſpecimen of his companions, and the new mode of life into which he was entering. An elegant little ſupper refreſhed them after

after their performance, from which they were prevailed on not to riſe till a pretty late, or rather early hour reminded them that they were not all eyes or ears, and that Nature required pauſes even in her moſt agreeable ſenſations. The Captain and Ned had taken private lodgings together in one houſe, to which they retired highly pleaſed with their evening's entertainment.

The next morning they dedicated to the amuſement of walking about the town, and obſerving whatever was curious in it. In the courſe of their perambulation they came to the mall, or public walk, which is very extenſive and well ſheltered with trees, and at times the reſort of much elegance and beauty. They had not been long here when they were met by a freſh-looking little man, who, by his roſy gills and capacious paunch, ſeemed to live upon the fat of the land. This gentleman accoſted them with the utmoſt frankneſs, although

though he had never ſeen them before; but, perceiving they were ſtrangers and officers, the laws of Iriſh hoſpitality required that he ſhould pay them attention, which indeed his own diſpoſition would have prompted him to do, although cuſtom had not made it neceſſary. He conducted them to ſeveral of the public buildings, and alſo to a private muſeum, rich in curioſities both of art and nature: and after having attended them for more than a couple of hours, he brought them to his own houſe. He then told them they were in the houſe of Alderman Suet, who would give them as good a dinner and a ſkinful of as good claret as could be found in the city of Cork, and a hearty welcome into the bargain. The offer was worth accepting: the good humour and frankneſs of the Alderman had won their good opinion, and they ſaw that his houſe, as well as himſelf, had the face of opulence and contentment: ſo begging leave to go home juſt to adjuſt them-

themſelves, and enquire if any calls had been made for them, they promiſed to return at four o'clock.

In their way home they paſſed by a fruit-ſtall, where, amidſt a variety of garden-ſtuff of all kinds, there were ſome very fine-looking ſtrawberries, quite ripe, and neatly ſet out in ſmall baſkets, and a clean and decent-looking elderly woman ſitting by them, and knitting a ſtocking. Captain Rivers had a mind to taſte ſome of the ſtrawberries; ſo they both went to enquire the price of them. As the captain and the good woman were bargaining about them, ſhe happened to caſt her eyes upon Ned; when inſtantly flying from her ſeat, ſhe threw herſelf upon her knees at his feet, and devoured his hand with kiſſes. He, as well as the captain, was all aſtoniſhment, and thought ſhe muſt be diſordered in her ſenſes; but ſhe was actuated by the ſpirit of gratitude. Perceiving Ned's embarraſſment and ſurpriſe, ſhe ſaid, "I ſee you do not recollect me; but the features

of

of your angel's face will never be out of my mind while I can remember any thing. It is to you I owe all the comfort I have in the world, and to you I am indebted for being perhaps alive this day. Do you not remember the miſerable object you ſo nobly relieved in Stephen's-Green, when Doctor Porpoiſe, in whoſe ſervice my ſon died, would not give me a farthing?" "I do recollect you now," ſaid Ned, "and I aſſure you, I am very happy to ſee ſo favourable a change in your ſituation." "May the bleſſing of her that was ready to periſh, be ever with you!" ſaid ſhe, "for you have been a bleſſing to me: the money you gave me that day, enabled me to redeem my clothes, and to come here to my native place. I found my brother ſtill living and in comfortable circumſtances; he rents a garden near the town, and I live with him, and attend this ſtall all the day. My two ſons too, that were ſailors, are both living; one is ſerving his majeſty aboard a man of war, and the other is even now in this har-

bour, on board one of the tranſports which are going to America; and now, if it had not been for you, I ſhould never have ſeen one of them again: wherefore night and day I put up prayers for you, although I do not know your name; but he that knoweth all things will reward you."—She then preſſed Ned to take a baſket of her ſtrawberries, and begged to know where he ſtayed, that ſhe might bring him them every day, and whatever elſe her brother's garden afforded. He told her his direction, and perhaps never reaped ſo much ſatisfaction from any money he had ever expended, as he did from the reflection how much happineſs had flowed from thoſe two guineas which had thus reſtored that poor and grateful creature to her deareſt connections.

At the appointed hour they returned to Alderman Suet's, and were agreeably ſurpriſed to find the company no ſtrangers to them. It conſiſted moſtly of thoſe with whom they had paſſed the evening before; for Mrs. Fanſhaw was daughter to the

the alderman, a circumſtance which our gentlemen did not know before; and now they were introduced to her ſiſter, an unmarried girl of about twenty, who did the honours of her father's table, for he was a widower. But the beauty of her perſon did not ſeem to promiſe that ſhe would long continue her ſervices in that way; for ſhe was a figure that any man in the kingdom might contemplate with delight, and who could ſit down at few tables, of which ſhe would not be the brighteſt ornament.

'Twas well for Ned that every corner of his heart was pre-occupied; the lovely image of Cecilia oppoſed itſelf to every new impreſſion, and kept him faithful to his firſt paſſion. But the captain's boſom was not ſo well defended, but certainly received a ſhot from thoſe bright eyes, which the muſic of her voice, and the lively turn of her converſation, did not contribute to cure.

The dinner was excellent, as indeed you may always expect it to be in Cork; and as for the claret, the alderman recommend-

ed

ed it, by ſwearing by St. Patrick that there was not a headach in a ton of it; for which we muſt give him due credit, as, if any ſuch thing was in it, he certainly muſt have found it long before that day. Indeed the frankneſs and good-humour of the alderman, made this day very agreeable to our gentlemen, although he was no friend to the cauſe in which they were embarked—for he condemned the American war in every inſtance, both the principle and the conduct of it; and in this he was very diſintereſted, for he made a great deal by it, as he dealt very largely in the victualling line, which is never ſo profitable as in time of war. But he was a man who loved liberty and humanity better than money, and he conſidered both as outraged in this conteſt. "I love my country," ſaid he—"I love the king—I revere the conſtitution—and therefore I deeply lament that there ſhould be men about the throne ſo ſhort-ſighted as to involve their ſovereign in a conteſt that may very poſſibly in the end ſhake the

kingdom to its foundation." "Why in the world ſhould you think ſo?" ſaid Captain Rivers. "I have always thought ſo, Captain," replied the alderman; "I conſider the principle of this war as unjuſt from the beginning, for England can have no right to tax America without her conſent. If it was juſt, it is yet impolitic; for America would liberally give to your requeſt, what ſhe never will yield to your ſword. We were told in the beginning of this conteſt, that it would be a diſpute of a few months only, and that two thouſand diſciplined troops would ſcour the continent from one end to the other. We are now entering upon the ſixth campaign, every one of which has been more unfortunate than that which preceded it; and after having loſt above forty thouſand lives, and incurred one hundred millions of additional debt, we are farther from the point than when we commenced. But this is not the worſt of it: we have, by our perfidious politics, goaded thoſe into implacable enemies, who were diſpoſed

diſpoſed to be our friends; and we have moreover rouſed them to conſider their natural rights—an enquiry which thoſe who wiſh to govern ſhould above all others have huſhed into ſilence—an enquiry which I promiſe you will not be confined to America, and which I will venture to predict will plant thorns, never to be eradicated, in every crown in Europe."

"My dear Alderman," ſaid Captain Rivers, "let us go to the ladies.—Here is a bumper to the unity and proſperity of the Britiſh empire! May your prophecy prove falſe! but if it ſhould not, may I never live to ſee it completed!"

The alderman in vain pleaded for the other bottle; the gentlemen were unanimous in preferring the charming harmony of the ladies' voices to the din of politics, of whoſe diſcuſſion there was no end; and retired by common conſent to the drawing-room. Here Miſs Lucy ſhone to new advantage in the eyes of Captain Rivers, who had the pleaſure to ſit next her at the tea-table, and

who ventured to whiſper to her ſome ſoft compliments, which ſhe received with ſuch lively raillery as convinced him the brilliancy of her eyes was a faithful index of her mind. Cards were propoſed after tea, but over-ruled by the gentlemen, who preferred muſic, and particularly by Captain Rivers, who longed to hear the powers of Miſs Lucy's voice. She ſung, and accompanied herſelf upon a lute, an inſtrument which ſhe touched with great delicacy. Rivers was in Elyſium, and drank ſo deep of Love's delicious poiſon, that all the waters of Lethe were never afterwards able to cure him.

CHAP. XL.

MANY a pleaſant evening paſſed away in the elegant and enlivened ſociety of Mrs. Fanſhaw and her ſiſter, and of other families to whom they had the kindneſs to introduce our gentlemen; and to many a noble libation did the alderman invite

invite them, though he did not entirely approve of their deſerting his claret for the ſqualling of his girl: however, as he had always friends enough that were willing to ſit as long as they could retain their ſeats, he was the more indulgent to our gentlemen, and permitted them to do as they pleaſed.

Captain Rivers, indeed, was ſo charmed with Miſs Lucy, that all company began to grow inſipid when ſhe was not of the party; and he no longer looked forward with that impatient ardour to the glory of the campaign, which ſeemed before to engroſs all his deſire. She, too, was not inſenſible either to the figure or the merits of the captain, and began for the firſt time in her life to loſe that diſengaged and lively cheerfulneſs which had hitherto been an invariable trait in her character. She had no longer any entertainment in thoſe parties of pleaſure which are ſo much the faſhion among the Iriſh ladies, and which are really

ſo very agreeable. Solitude was now her delight. She would rather ſit in her chamber looking at the moon when all the family were gone to reſt, or ſit leaning on her arm, and liſten to the warbles of an Eolian harp, than be the moſt admired in the gayeſt aſſembly or moſt ſplended ball in Cork. So powerful is love in either ſex, to change all the inclinations of the heart, and engroſs every faculty of the ſoul!

Rivers alſo was a ſtricken deer, and wandered from the herd to ſeek the deepeſt receſſes of the groves, and liſten to the murmurs of the waterfalls. But this ſweet delirium could not laſt. The firſt favourable gale was to diſpel this deluſion, and the dæmon of war required the ſacrifice of theſe two hearts, as he had before done of thoſe of Edward and Lady Cecilia.

It was a conſolation however to Rivers to know that Mrs. Fanſhaw was to be in the ſhip with him; in her he could behold ſomewhat of the features of his beloved,

and

and could at all times dwell upon that theme, which was now the conſtant ſubject of his thoughts.

Ned was not ſo happy, for Lady Cecilia had enjoined him not to reveal any thing of their loves to her brother: but he fed the more upon it in ſecret; and in the many tedious and unintereſting hours of an Atlantic voyage, he uſed to contemplate the locket that held the ſacred pledge of her affection, which ſhe allowed him to ſever from her lovely neck in Wales, and which ever ſince had hung around his own, and occupied the ſtation next his heart.

At length the day arrived, in which all the ſoft and amiable paſſions of the heart were to yield to the ſtern commands of duty, and when glory was to extinguiſh with his ardent rays the milder beams of love and hope.

The fleet is ready, and the wind fair; and Lucy and her father, with many other friends, ſtand on the beach, and wave with their handkerchiefs the laſt farewell as the boat rows from ſhore. They return to

the city, where Lucy from her window follows the veſſel with ſtreaming eyes, and Rivers from the deck contemplates the habitation of Lucy till it is loſt in the obſcurity of diſtance. The old head of Kinſale, which has braved the ocean ever ſince the birth of time, now preſented his aged and majeſtic front; a grey miſt ſat brooding on its ſummit, which, as the evening advanced, rolled down its venerable ſides in hoary wreaths, which added greatly to the dignity and antiquity of its appearance: at length it was wholly enveloped, and, the ſhades of night ſoon after deſcending, they loſt ſight of it and of the land together.

To a perſon who has never been at ſea before, there is ſomething unſpeakably awful in launching out into the great deep; and the laſt ſight of land, and the cheerful habitations of men, cannot but impreſs a temporary gloom even on the moſt cheerful diſpoſition. The moſt of our voyagers were in this predicament, for we can hardly reckon the paſſage between England and

Ireland

Ireland any thing more than a pleaſurable excurſion. But now there were to be thouſands of miles of ocean to roll between them and their deareſt relatives. Captain Fanſhaw indeed had his wife and his children with him; and Captain Rivers found in Mrs. Fanſhaw ſome conſolation for the abſence of her ſiſter. But poor Ned felt entirely forlorn, and betook himſelf to his birth at an early hour, to ruminate in ſilence on the mountains of Wales, the groves of Ravenſdale, and all the dear connexions who remained embowered in thoſe happy reſidences. The dangers he was to meet, when he next approached the habitations of men, occupied but a ſmall ſhare in his contemplations; yet, whenever they preſented themſelves to his imagination, their impreſſion was agreeable, for they rouſed the natural ardour of his mind, and renewed that activity without which no ſenſation can be happy. Their deſtination was Charleſtown, which had lately ſurrendered to the Britiſh arms, and where

they expected to ſhare in thoſe memorable exploits, which, though finally unfortunate, yet reflected much glory on the courage, perſeverance, and ability both of the commanders and the troops.

The weather was fine, and the wind favourable; yet it was ſome days before every body could recover that tone of health and ſpirits, which the parting with their friends and the uſual ſqueamiſhneſs of ſea ſickneſs had interrupted. By degrees, however, both theſe wore off, and, as they advanced to the warm latitudes, enabled them to enjoy the freſh air upon deck, and amuſe themſelves with the novel ſight of flying fiſh, and the beautiful colours of the dolphin. In the cool of the evening they uſed often to amuſe themſelves with muſic; and had Neptune and the Naiads frequented the ſeas now, as the poets tell us they did of old, no doubt they would have riſen from their deep abodes to regale their ears with ſuch unuſual and delightful ſounds.

But ſeveral weeks had now elapſed with-

out their beholding any thing but the ſun riſing in the eaſt, and ſetting in the weſt. The world of waters rolled around them, blue and uniform, preſenting the idea of a boundleſs waſte, till at laſt a butterfly happening to come on board, ſeemed to announce the vicinity of land. It was one Saturday evening, the laſt which they expected to ſpend on board, that the gentlemen, according to the ſea cuſtom, were drinking with the captain in the cabin, to the health of their wives and ſweet-hearts, when they were ſuddenly alarmed by a ſhriek from Mrs. Fanſhaw, who was ſitting with the children upon deck. It was a fine evening, and the eldeſt little boy, about four years old, was diverting himſelf running fore and aft, as he had often done before; when, either by climbing or ſome unlucky trip, he fell overboard and plumped into the ſea. Mrs. Fanſhaw ſaw the accident, ſhrieked, and inſtantly fainted. The gentlemen immediately went up, when the conſternation and deſpair of her huſband

were beyond the power of language to expreſs.

David Morgan, who happened to be forward at the time, influenced by the firſt impulſe of a generous nature, jumped inſtantly into the ſea. The ſhip was going on at an eaſy rate, and had paſſed to a conſiderable diſtance before ſhe could be wore into ſtays, and the boat launched out. From the deck neither David nor the child was viſible; but from the round tops they could diſcover David buffeting with the waves, though unable to ſay whether he had got the child or not. Mrs. Fanſhaw continued wholly ſenſeleſs; and the agony of her huſband, between fears for her and anxiety about the child, almoſt bereaved him of all recollection. Captain Rivers ſtayed with him, as much to aſſiſt him as the lady; but Evans went in the boat, to have the earlieſt knowledge of the event. When they approached Morgan, they ſaw he had indeed the child, but whether dead or alive they could not tell: both were

however

however taken into the boat, and they had ſoon the unſpeakable pleaſure to ſee the little fellow open his eyes, and by degrees recover his ſenſes. When he was thoroughly come to himſelf, he had no recollection whatever of the event, further than he knew he got a fall. But the ſudden revulſion of nature in the mother when ſhe got him again into her arms, had nearly proved fatal to her, and was attended with feelings more affecting and more alarming even than when ſhe thought him loſt. A day or two, however, reſtored her to tranquillity; and now the dogs were obſerved to run frequently forward to the bowſprit, and to ſnuff the air with uncommon pleaſure; for theſe ſagacious creatures were ſenſible of the ſmell of land, though no perſon on board could perceive it. At length, during the calmneſs of the night, a light air ſpringing from the ſhore, wafted an aromatic gale diſtinctly perceived by every one on deck. Thoſe who were below came up to enjoy this new pleaſure;

and

and experienced how truly Milton obſerved nature in his beautiful poem of Paradiſe Loſt, where he records this very circumſtance:

——As to thoſe who ſail
Moſambique off at Eaſt, North-weſt winds blow
Sabæan odours from the ſpicy ſhore
Of Araby the bleſt.
Pleas'd with the grateful ſmell, old Ocean ſmiles
For many a league.

The next morning indeed brought them in view of the ſhore, the firſt appearance of which was like a vaſt fleet of ſhips; for the coaſt being entirely flat, the pine-trees appeared riſing out of the water long before they could ſee the ſoil which ſupported them. A pilot-boat ſoon appearing to conduct them in, they got ſafely over the bar, and were landed on the quay of Charleſtown about four o'clock in the afternoon.

As ſoon as Mrs. Fanſhaw and the children were ſettled at an inn, and had got ſome refreſhment, the gentlemen dreſſed, and waited on the Commander in Chief, who received them with all the politeneſs due

to

to their ſtations, and that might be expected from his own. After ſome general converſation on affairs in Europe, and the recent events in America, his Excellency enquired about the circumſtances of their voyage. He was much affected by the accident of little Fanſhaw, and ſo much pleaſed with the conduct of David Morgan on that occaſion, that he promoted him to an halbert on the ſpot.

CHAP. XLI.

CHARLESTOWN, the capital of South Carolina, was, before the war, eſteemed among the moſt elegant, though not the largeſt of the cities of Britiſh America. It is ſituated in the 32d degree of latitude, at the confluence of the rivers Aſhley and Cooper, which are navigable for between twenty and thirty miles farther up; and

though they are inconſiderable when compared with other rivers in America, yet in Europe they would make a very reſpectable appearance. The entrance to the harbour is however rendered difficult by reaſon of a bar, which often ſhifts, and never admits ſhips of very large burthen. The city uſed to contain about ten thouſand white inhabitants, and perhaps three times as many black and mixed. The inhabitants were for the moſt part opulent, ſome of them extremely ſo: and as they were not ſoured by any moroſe ſentiments about religion, being moſtly of the church of England, public places were more numerous, and had a gayer appearance than in any other part of the Continent. It had been uſual too, in the happy æra of peace, for the wealthier inhabitants to ſend their children to England for education; ſo that the manners and mode of thinking upon all ſubjects, of the higher orders in this city, were little different from thoſe of ſimilar rank in Europe; which contributed much

to

to make Charleſtown the moſt agreeable place to ſtrangers of any on the Continent. But, alas! the infatuation of Britain in exaſperating, by the moſt wanton outrages, all the feelings of the human heart, to procure by force, and by the violation of the very firſt principles of Engliſh liberty, that revenue which they had only to aſk for to obtain, had ſo eſtranged the affections and altered the diſpoſition of men from one end of America to the other, that, when our voyagers arrived there, it bore no reſemblance to the happy, fertile, and luxuriant country which it had been but a few years before. About nine miles above Charleſtown the two rivers approach one another, ſo as to be ſeparated only by a narrow neck of land about half a mile over; after that they widen again to a conſiderable diſtance, before they unite their ſtreams below the city, and fall into the Atlantic. This peninſula was in a ſtate of the higheſt cultivation, covered with the villas of the richer

inha-

inhabitants of the colony, moſt of whom having been educated in England, had transferred to this paradiſe the taſte and elegance of the parent country; with this great advantage, that the whole country being covered with timber of various kinds, and with an inconceivable variety of the moſt beautiful and odoriferous ſhrubs, they were not under the neceſſity of waiting half an age to create a place; but, by a judicious clearing and pruning, found it ready formed to their hands. Nothing then could have been more charming than theſe reſidences were when poſſeſſed by their owners—the happy abodes of proſperous induſtry, of public and private worth; of peace, opulence, innocence, and beauty. But Satan, envious of the felicity of this ſecond Eden, hiſſed for the dæmon of deſtruction, who heard the call, though at five thouſand miles diſtance, and ſwept over the Atlantic to obey it. Alas! that any voice ſhould arm kindred ſouls againſt each other. But ſo

it

it was: and no ſooner were the Britiſh in poſſeſſion of the town, than this beautiful peninſula went to ruin.

I do not by this account mean to lay any thing improper to the charge of the commanders, or the troops. I take for granted they did nothing contrary to the rules of war. But when I ſee women and children of the firſt condition burned out of their habitations, and turned naked into the wilderneſs; the precious productions of art and ſcience mutilated and deſtroyed by brutal ignorance and barbarity; the face of nature blaſted and deformed, I cannot help curſing from my ſoul the art of war, and every one who has a ſhare in kindling its flames. That a ſpirit of implacable hatred ſhould be raiſed in the Americans, can never be wondered at by any who know how much they endured, and with what injuſtice they were attacked. But, like all other diſpenſations of infinite wiſdom, this injuſtice will probably be its own puniſhment; and America, at no very diſtant period,

riod, be gratified (if her generoſity ſhould not forbid it to be a gratification) with the moſt ample revenge. The effect, however, of this alienation of ſentiment was neceſſarily felt ſeverely by thoſe who were obliged now to reſide in the colony.

Though many of the inhabitants remained in the city after it ſurrendered to the Britiſh arms, yet they were moſtly of the lower claſſes: and even theſe, unleſs in a very few inſtances, had imbibed all the hatred and animoſity againſt England, which invariably burned in the breaſts of the higher ranks: ſo that no intercourſe of friendſhip or regard could any longer ſubſiſt between them. On the part of the troops, was a haughty and ſuſpicious controul: on the part of the people, a ſullen and indignant repoſe. The power of the Britiſh, however, extended but a very little way beyond that neck before mentioned, which they had ſtrongly fortified for the ſecurity of the metropolis: but the colony at large was ſtill in the hands of the Americans,

cans, between whom and the Britiſh were many very ſevere engagements, in which both parties profuſely ſpilled their blood, without reaping any advantage by it.

In theſe engagements our young heroes ſoon expected to take an active part; and that enthuſiaſm which is ſo natural to youthful minds, and which they poſſeſſed to a very conſiderable degree, made them impatient to be in action, that they alſo might come in for their ſhare of renown, and have their names tranſmitted home with approbation. They pleaſed themſelves with the imagination how anxiouſly certain gentle ſpirits would peruſe the newſpapers, what dewy pearls would drop from radiant eyes when any danger was imminent, and how brilliantly they would clear up when the names they loved were mentioned with applauſe. Thus do theſe imaginary pleaſures ſupport the ſpirits under the preſſure of real calamities: and wiſe and happy is the mind that habituates itſelf to contemplate only the bright and pleaſing ſides of

ſuch objects as are preſented by neceſſity to its obſervation. But it was thought neceſſary to let the new troops repoſe a little after their voyage, and be ſomewhat inured to the climate, before they were called into the field: ſo that the high and aſpiring hopes of our young men were for the preſent obliged to wait: and indeed, if prudence had not dictated this meaſure, neceſſity would have enforced it; for before they were a fortnight in the country, half of them were attacked with fevers and agues, and the remainder were ſo ſore and ſwelled by the bites of bugs and muſquitoes, that they were hardly able to move. Our gentlemen, indeed, by a liberal uſe of bark and Madeira, eſcaped the firſt of theſe evils; but for the bugs and muſquitoes the freſh blood they brought from Europe was too delicious a repaſt for them to hope by any means to eſcape; and therefore for a conſiderable time they ſuffered extremely, which is invariably the caſe with all people coming from Europe; for after they have been

been in the country ſome time, though theſe inſects continue to bite, yet the wound is not attended with that pain and inflammation which at firſt is univerſally experienced.

But though they had not as yet been called out into the field of Mars, yet in that of Bacchus they were obliged often to contend; in which, it muſt be confeſſed, they neither of them ſupported the character of their reſpective countries, being always flinchers, and often deſerters, from that noble conteſt: neither did they reap much glory in the field of fortune, which capricious deity had a temple in every tent, and an idol in almoſt every heart throughout the whole army. This made them be conſidered by ſome as rather queer fellows, who had got ſome whimſical notions of propriety and morality, and who would have cut a better figure as chaplains than captains. Among thoſe who had imbibed this opinion was young Nettlefield, whoſe regiment was at this time at Charleſtown,

and

and whoſe letters from his father in Ireland had made him well acquainted with Ned's hiſtory before his arrival. Perhaps he envied him the applauſe he had got in the Ravenſdale family, and the important ſervices he performed to Lady Cecilia; for this Bobadil had a high opinion of himſelf, and did not deſpair of rendering himſelf amiable in any eyes which he ſhould take the trouble to pleaſe. His conduct to Miſs Grainger, he flattered himſelf, was not known; and though it ſhould, his gallantry, in killing her brother, he ſuppoſed, would go far in juſtifying it. Whatever was the cauſe, he certainly from the beginning had a jealouſy of Ned Evans, who, on his part, had conceived a juſt deteſtation of him long before he had any idea of ever being acquainted with him.

It happened one evening that a number of officers had agreed to ſup together at a public-houſe; among whom were Ned Evans, and Captains Rivers and Fanſhaw. Another party had dined at the ſame houſe,

among

among whom was Nettlefield; and in the evening they had, as uſual, ſat down to cards, at which Nettlefield had been unſucceſsful. At the hour of ſupper the two parties agreed to join, and they all ſat down together. The ſupper paſſed off very well, and ſeveral bottles of wine were drunk, without any appearance of ill-humour on any ſide, notwithſtanding that the policy and juſtice of the American war were very freely diſcuſſed, and with very oppoſite opinions, though they were all engaged on one ſide. At length religion came on the tapis; when Ned happened to lament how that muſt ſuffer on the Continent, from the overthrow of all eſtabliſhment, and the departure of moſt of the regular clergy. "That's like the canting ſon of a Welch curate," ſaid Nettlefield, "ſighing for his leeks and his toaſted cheeſe, which the ſuperſtition of his countrymen ſupplies him with. Damn all religion, I ſay, and all prieſts, and all their poſterity! Let men be governed by honour, which is what we

all can underſtand, and then we ſhall have no need of hypocrites and enthuſiaſts." It was impoſſible for the ſereneſt temper at the age of nineteen, and in the habit of a ſoldier, to ſit ſilent under ſo unmerited an attack. "Sir," ſaid Mr. Evans, "the folly of your blaſphemous ſentiment can only be equalled by its falſehood and ill-manners. With reſpect to myſelf, I am neither aſhamed of my country, nor my father, nor his profeſſion; and when next you venture to talk of honour, take care that nobody in the room has ever heard of Miſs Grainger."

Nettlefield, at the ſound of this name, turned firſt as red as fire, and then as pale as death. He roſe from his chair, and went round towards Ned Evans, who ſuppoſed he was going to ſpeak to him, perhaps indeed to call him out. Nettlefield leaned down towards him, and Evans turned round to hear what he had to ſay; when, to his infinite ſurpriſe, he diſcharged all the ſpittle he could collect in his mouth,

full

full in his face. The aſtoniſhed youth inſtantly drew his ſword, and the other as quickly did the ſame. In the ſecond paſs Evans wounded Nettlefield in the arm, who, ſtepping back, by ſome accident tripped, and fell. Ned's reſentment inſtantly ſubſided; and leaning forward over Nettlefield, he ſaid, "I hope you are not materially hurt?" The other made no reply, but, ſhortening his ſword, which he ſtill held faſt in his hand, gave a home-thruſt at poor Ned, who was all unguarded, and ran him quite through the body.

CHAP. XLII.

THE whole of this unfortunate rencontre having paſſed in leſs time than it has taken to relate it, there was no opportunity, nor perhaps any poſſibility, for any perſon preſent preventing it. The company were all ſenſible of the great impropriety of Net-

tlefield's behaviour in the commencement; but when they ſaw his baſe conduct in ſtabbing the unſuſpecting Evans, whilſt he was anxiouſly and kindly fearing he had been materially hurt, they were ſhocked to the ſoul, and with one voice cried out, "Oh, for ſhame, Nettlefield!" The ſword paſſed under the ſhort ribs of Evans's right ſide, and, glancing upwards, came out below his ſhoulder blade.

"My dear Rivers, ſupport me!" was all he ſaid. He had indeed caught him in his arms, and with the help of Captain Fanſhaw and the other gentlemen laid him on a ſofa.

The commander in chief being informed of this affair, and all its circumſtances, ordered Nettlefield immediately into arreſt: he did Evans the honour to ſend his own ſurgeon to attend him, and ſaw him himſelf as ſoon as he was removed to his lodgings.

When the ſurgeon had examined and dreſſed the wound, he told Captain Rivers, that though he could not pronounce it to

be

be abſolutely mortal, yet it was dangerous in the higheſt degree; particularly as the ſeaſon of the year (which was Auguſt) was extremely unfavourable, from the intenſe heat of the climate, and the epidemic fevers which conſtantly rage at that time.

Nothing could exceed the affectionate attention of Rivers, but the patience and fortitude of Evans, who bore the excruciating torments of his wound without a murmur, and without either conceiving or expreſſing any reſentment againſt his murderer; for ſurely the unfair and ungenerous manner in which he gave the ſtab juſtifies that name. On the third day of his confinement, the fever made its appearance, with every alarming circumſtance of aggravation. Thoſe roſes of health which bluſhed ſo deep upon his manly cheek, were now all withered; that vigour which could curb the fierceſt ſteed, and againſt which few arms could be raiſed with impunity, was now laid proſtrate, unable to turn itſelf on the bed. Thoſe eyes which ſo lately

ſhot forth rays both of ſweetneſs and intelligence, now languiſhed in their ſockets; and even that intelligence itſelf, but a few days before ſo brilliant and ſo lively, was now obſcured with delirium, and loſt the functions both of perception and of memory.

Rivers never left him, but watched over him with all the attention of a nurſe, and all the affection of a brother. He had languiſhed in this way for a conſiderable time, the doctor ſuppoſing every night would be his laſt; when, after he had juſt gone, and Rivers was ſitting by his bed-ſide, Evans ſuddenly lifted his eyes, and ſeemed to recover his ſenſes——

"My God!" he cried, "I thank thee that in a foreign country, far from the help and endearments of my parents, thou granteſt to my laſt hours the conſolation of a friend.—Oh, Rivers! I am going from thee; but bear me witneſs that my laſt ſigh was vented in prayers for you and for your family."

"My

"My dear fellow," cried Rivers, "I rejoice to hear your voice again! I truſt you have many years yet to live, and that this return of intellect is the turn of your complaint."

"Alas, no!" replied Evans; "I feel the approach of death, but it is a calm approach; and believe me I dread it not—for, oh, Rivers! I am a Chriſtian.——And now, my friend, there is a duty incumbent upon every Chriſtian, before he leaves the world, which is to forgive his enemies. Indeed I did not know that I had any enemies; why Nettlefield became ſo, I cannot tell—but tell him, Rivers, I forgive him, from my ſoul I forgive him; and if he ſhould be called to account for my death, tell the gentlemen who try him that I hope they will acquit him.

"Oh, Rivers! look at my boſom—behold this locket, it contains your ſiſter's hair—I will not leave the world without imparting to you a ſecret, which I long wiſhed to diſcloſe to you, but never before could find

courage to reveal. I have dared to love your ſiſter—Yes! my aſpiring heart dared to love Lady Cecilia—I believe ſhe pitied my preſumption without hating it. This locket which you ſee, ſhe had the goodneſs to give me herſelf—it has ever ſince hung on my heart, and ſhall remain there while that heart continues to beat. But, oh! my friend! when I am dead, take you the ſacred pledge—perhaps a lock of my hair may then be acceptable to her—cut one off, and preſent both to her as the laſt offering from a man who felt in death no agony like parting from her."

"And do you think, my dear friend!" ſaid Rivers, "that this ſecret was never known to me before?—You ſurely muſt ſuppoſe I have had no obſervation. But now, in my turn, I will tell you another ſecret; and that is, that I know Cecilia loves you: and ſo let me hear no more of dying, for I am perſuaded you are growing better; and if you will not live for me, I hope from my ſoul you will for Cecilia, for I know nobody

ſo well entitled to her. What would you give to ſee her?" ſaid Rivers.—A tranſient ſmile dimpled the cheek of Evans: "More than I have in the world," ſaid he. "Then behold what I have never ſhewn you before." He then preſented him with a moſt exquiſite miniature picture of her, painted when ſhe was in London, which Evans had ſtill life enough left to gaze at with unſpeakable pleaſure. "I lend you that," ſaid Rivers, "till you get the original; and let that hope be a cordial to you, to recall the ebbing tide of life, and rally the ſpirits about your heart." Whether it had this effect or not, I cannot tell; but certainly from this hour Ned's fever abated, and the alarming ſymptoms of his wound diſappearing, he was ſoon after pronounced out of danger.

The important victory at Camden, gained in this month by Lord Cornwallis over General Gates, had ſo depreſſed the ſpirits of the Americans, and exhauſted them of reſources, that the whole province of South

Carolina was conſidered by the Britiſh as ſubdued; and as they had neither the means nor apparently the inclination to make any further ſtand againſt the conquerors, ſeveral months intervened before there was any probability of the new troops being brought into action. This repoſe gave time to Ned to recruit his ſtrength, and to become familiarized to the climate. Nothing can be more charming nor ſalubrious than a Carolina winter; and its genial influence ſoon reſtored the roſes to his cheeks, and its vigour to his arm. The baſe attack that had been made upon him, and his ſpirit in the conteſt, had intereſted all parties in his recovery, and particularly the ladies, to whom Mrs. Fanſhaw had with the warmeſt eulogiums related his hiſtory; ſo that he was a particular favourite in all their parties of pleaſure. Even the American ladies, who in general receded from any ſort of communication with the Britiſh officers, relaxed in favour of him; and often lamented that they were compelled to

conſider

conſider as an enemy, one whom they ſo much deſired to love as a friend. He was indebted for this partiality to an accidental favour which he had in his power to beſtow on one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed of thoſe ladies, who, with her daughter, about twelve years of age, had happened to wander beyond thoſe boundaries which the commandant had preſcribed for their liberty to walk in. In this ſituation they were very rudely accoſted by a ſentinel, who took the child by the arm, and frightened her ſo that ſhe fainted, whilſt he inſulted the mother with all poſſible inſolence and indecency. Ned happened to be a witneſs of the ſcene. He ſeverely rebuked the ſentinel, who, though he had a right to ſtop them, had none to abuſe or inſult them, and aſſured him that he ſhould receive an adequate puniſhment. He then took the young lady in his arms, and, by ſoothing her with the gentleſt language, ſoon diſpelled her fears, and conducted both her mother and her to their

own houſe. The ſentinel received two hundred laſhes for his cruelty and inſolence.

This lady had been of the firſt rank and opulence in the country; her huſband was a member of the congreſs, and his father had been preſident of it. None were more diſtinguiſhed for integrity in private life, nor for zeal and ability in their public ſtations. Attached to their country by nature, and to its cauſe by principle, they had from the beginning been active agents in the revolution, which had raiſed in the royal commanders a ſpirit of peculiar reſentment againſt them, and, I wiſh I could not add, of unmanly revenge.

A beautiful ſeat, the reſidence of the huſband of the lady, ſituated upon Aſhley river, about ſixteen miles from town, was unneceſſarily and purpoſely made a barrack for ſoldiers. A noble collection of pictures, which the proprietor had made himſelf in Italy, were by theſe barbarians wantonly defaced: a capital library of books, of the beſt

beſt authors, in all languages, had been torn to pieces, to light their pipes, or to ſerve even meaner purpoſes: a magnificent philoſophical apparatus was deſtroyed: the walks in the gardens, which were laid out in the higheſt ſtyle of European taſte, and which one would have thought might have ſerved them for recreation, were by their implacable ſpirit grubbed up and defaced. Even the tomb, in which the aſhes of their unoffending anceſtors peacefully repoſed, and which among all the American families of diſtinction is ſeated in ſome hallowed and ſequeſtered part of their garden—even this ſacred depoſit could not eſcape the illiberal malice of theſe blood-hounds, but was broken to pieces; the mouldering remains dug up and ſcattered to the air, and the venerable trees which ſhaded the ſacred repoſitory cut down and burned. If the dead were treated with this indignity, it is not probable the living would be ſpared. Accordingly theſe gentlemen, who by the capitulation of Charleſtown were allowed

to

to reſide there on their parole, with their families, were afterwards notwithſtanding forced from them in the dead of night, without any pretence of their having broke their parole, and with many others in ſimilar circumſtances ſent off to Auguſtine; no attention whatever being paid to the means of their ſubſiſtence, nor to any of thoſe neceſſary accommodations which people of their rank and time of life muſt ſtand in need of. It cannot be wondered at, then, if the deepeſt reſentments for ſuch unneceſſary and cruel treatment ſhould be fixed in the breaſts of all thoſe dear relatives from whom they were torn. The miſeries and diſtreſſes which at this time ſeemed the unavoidable portion of every one who adhered to the independence of America, would in many inſtances have ſubdued the ſpirit of the men, had not the noble fortitude of the women exhorted them to perſevere; thoſe who had been in the higheſt ranks, and therefore moſt ſenſible of their preſent afflictions, repeatedly entreating

treating their ſons, their huſbands, and their brothers, never to ſuffer family attachments, and much leſs private inconveniencies, to interfere with the duty which they owed their country. Among the moſt diſtinguiſhed of thoſe heroines, was Mrs. Middleham, the lady to whom Edward recommended himſelf by his humane interference; and who to great family opulence added the dignity of a fine perſon, and all the graces of a European education. The coldneſs, not to ſay averſion, which ſhe felt towards the Britiſh officers in general, was ſoftened with regard to him; and her gratitude for his civility procured him more attention from the American ladies than was paid to any other officer in the garriſon.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLIII.

THE repoſe in which the army was ſuffered to remain in Charleſtown during the winter, and which the Britiſh fondly ſuppoſed was likely to continue, was ſoon interrupted in the following year, when Green ſucceeded Gates in the command of the continental troops. That ſpirit which they ſuppoſed was entirely quenched, was now rekindling in its aſhes; and the execution of Colonel Haynes, attended with circumſtances peculiarly affecting, and which does not appear to have been juſtified by the proceedings of the court which tried him, raiſed theſe ſparks into a flame, and re-animated every breaſt with fury and indignation. The corps in which Captain Rivers and Ned ſerved were now ſent upon duty, and the hour was approaching, which they had both long earneſtly de-

ſired, of ſharing the dangers and the glories of their countrymen.

The firſt ſervice they were ſent on, was to ſurpriſe an American out-poſt at a few miles diſtance from the main army. This unhappy party had been ſeverely haraſſed, the day before, by a long march, without proviſions, and with but very ſcanty clothing; and now hungry and fatigued were laid down to get a little ſleep. It was the dead of night; and though they had taken every precaution to prevent ſurpriſe, yet their videttes were taken unawares, and put to death by the bayonet without being able to give the alarm. The Britiſh party went undiſcovered to the camp, where all was ſilence and repoſe: the ſlaughter was dreadful, for moſt were murdered in their ſleep; a poor youth about ſixteen clung round the knees of Ned, and implored for mercy. No voice ever ſued to him for that in vain; but whilſt he was yet on his knee, and Edward was raiſing him by the hand, Nettlefield, who was by, cried out,

" Damn

"Damn you! will you ſpare a rebel?" and inſtantly plunged his pike into his heart. Hardly a ſoul eſcaped, whilſt on the Britiſh ſide not a ſingle man was either killed or wounded. This was called a glorious action, and they received the thanks of the commander for their ſpirit and alacrity. I paſs over ſeveral engagements in which both our young gentlemen diſplayed the higheſt courage and addreſs, becauſe the relation of theſe dreadful ſcenes can only be pleaſing to a military ear: but I muſt obſerve, that in all theſe engagements, though the victory was commonly claimed by the Britiſh, yet the real advantage lay wholly on the ſide of the Americans, who rapidly recovered, one after another, thoſe places which they had loſt the preceding year. At laſt, on the eighth of September, they were attacked by General Green in perſon at the head of the whole American force deſtined for the ſupport of South Carolina. The engagement began about four o'clock in the morning. The

charge

charge was briſk on the ſide of the Americans: and as they had outnumbered the Britiſh, who were only advanced parties, they were obliged to fall back, till the main body of the army came to their ſupport. The action now became general, and great execution was done on both ſides. Two men made an attempt to wreſt the colours from Ned's hands, but they paid for their temerity by their lives. Victory ſeemed to decide in favour of the Engliſh, and the Americans were giving way, when a reinforcement of Maryland and Virginia Continentals coming opportunely to their aid, reſtored the fortune of the day. The Britiſh were then routed in all quarters, and a corps of cavalry, commanded by a relation of General Waſhington, charged them ſo briſkly as allowed them no time to rally or form. Rivers did all he could to call back his flying men, and induce them again to face the foe. Whilſt he loudly called them to return, and bravely ſhewed them the example, he received a bullet

bullet in his breaſt, which brought him to the ground. The enemy's horſe were driving on full ſpeed; but no love of life, nor any fear of death, could prevail on Evans to deſert his friend. He took him on his back, and carried him through the hotteſt of the fire, till he himſelf received a ſhot upon his hip, which brought him alſo down, and entirely diſabled him from moving a ſtep farther. The enemy, regardleſs of them, continued the purſuit; and it is wonderful they were not trampled to death: but Heaven ſpared Ned juſt to manifeſt his zeal for his friend, and to receive his laſt breath. The noble and the generous Rivers, exhauſted by the loſs of blood, but ſtill ſenſible to the laſt, juſt ſqueezed him by the hand, and, whilſt endeavouring to thank him for his care, expired in his arms. When the ſoul was fled, and thoſe eyes were cloſed for ever; when the voice was loſt which he ſhould hear no more, and which he had never heard but with emotions of pleaſure, it is impoſſible

impoſſible to expreſs the agony of grief with which the heart of Edward was oppreſſed. He contemplated the body as it lay over his lap with mute ſorrow, till at laſt a flood of tears relieved the throbbings of his boſom—" Oh Rivers, my beloved friend! would to God I had died with thee!" The ſituation indeed in which poor Edward lay made it highly probable that this would very ſpeedily be the event. The enemy were now off the field in purſuit of the flying Britiſh, and very poſſibly might not return to it again. Numbers of bodies lay around him, in ſome of whom were ſtill ſome quivering ſigns of life, but not any that appeared capable of the leaſt ſenſation. His own wound was not in itſelf mortal, nor even dangerous had help been at hand; but then it was ſuch as deprived him of all power of motion on his feet. The night was coming down apace, and ſolitude and ſilence replaced the din of arms, and the ſhouts which accompanied the dreadful buſineſs of the day before.

The

The body of his friend lay ſtill beſide him, and with his clay-cold hand ſtill locked in his he determined to await that fate which he ſuppoſed inevitable: but even in this ſituation he was not without comfort. He believed himſelf to be ſtill in the ſight of his Creator: and, relying upon his mercy whenever he ſhould think fit to call him, he prepared with reſignation to follow his dear friend, and determined that their bodies ſhould be found together. An affecting remembrance of his dear relatives in Wales, and of the idol of his heart in Ravenſdale, did indeed riſe in his mind, but it was only to recommend them to Heaven; and his principal thoughts were entirely occupied on that almighty and eternal Being before whom he expected ſhortly to ſtand. Several hours had he paſſed in theſe melancholy contemplations, ſtill lying by the body of his friend. No ſound interrupted the ſilence of the night, which was remarkably ſtill, unleſs ſometimes that he thought an expiring groan, faintly uttered,

tered, iſſued from ſome of the bodies with which the field was ſtrewed. At length his liſtening ear thought it heard the ſound of ſteps; and ſhortly after the figure of a man ſeemed to approach, and buſily to examine the bodies as they lay. It was of little moment to poor Ned whether he was friend or foe, but nature compelled him to aſk for aſſiſtance. What tranſport roſe in his boſom, what gratitude to the Almighty, when he found himſelf ſupported by David Morgan! That brave and faithful fellow, when the purſuit was at an end, and that his maſter and Captain Rivers were miſſing, determined at all hazards to return to the field of battle for the mere chance of finding them alive; and Providence directed his ſteps to the ſpot where Evans was ſtill lying, and at an hour when the darkneſs would enable them to paſs undiſcovered from the fatal ſcene of action. The tranſport of David Morgan was not leſs than that of Evans; and their firſt buſineſs was to return thanks to God for this ſingular in-

ſtance

ſtance of mercy. Poor Ned embraced the body of his dear friend for the laſt time, embalming it with the precious tears of genuine friendſhip; and faithful Morgan taking him on his back, moved on at a venture towards the thickeſt woods, hoping to be concealed until Ned ſhould recover ſtrength to endeavour to join ſome party of their ſcattered forces.

In America thick woods are never very diſtant, and to theſe our unfortunate friends had made their way long before the morning dawn could diſcover to the enemy the dreadful execution of the day before. The return of light ſerved them indeed for little purpoſe, but to ſhew them more clearly the dangers and calamities to which they were expoſed. The anguiſh of Ned's wound, which ſtruck juſt upon his hip-bone, made it impoſſible for him to move a ſtep, or even to ſupport himſelf on his feet. No article of food was within their reach, nor even a drop of water to cool that intolerable thirſt which the heat of the climate, added to

pain,

pain and fatigue created. Morgan indeed had a muſket; but to fire it was not adviſable, leſt the report ſhould diſcover the place of their retreat. This faithful fellow, who, being unhurt, could eaſily provide for his own ſafety, ſcorned the ſelfiſh idea, and ſwore to live and die with his beloved maſter. Indeed, had he had leſs generoſity, Ned muſt have periſhed, for he was at this time almoſt as unable to aſſiſt himſelf as the day on which he was born. Morgan raiſed him again upon his ſhoulders, and carried him further into the depths of the foreſt; he there laid him at the foot of a tree, whilſt he went to diſcover if poſſible ſome ſpring of water. Whilſt Edward ſtill lay reflecting more on the dear friend he had loſt than on the miſery of his own ſituation, his attention was rouſed to an object of a very extraordinary nature within a few yards of the ſpot on which he was lying. A large grey ſquirrel, not much leſs than an ordinary rabbit, was running up and down a tree which was

oppoſite to him, ſeemingly in great diſtreſs. It appeared as if it endeavoured to get away from ſome object to which it was continually drawn back by ſome irreſiſtible attraction. Sometimes it would endeavour to climb up the tree—but before it had got a yard, its hind legs ſeemed to fail it, when it would utter a feeble cry, and then come down again. Sometimes it would endeavour to eſcape along an horizontal branch; but its efforts here were equally ineffectual, attended with the ſame feebleneſs, and the ſame unwilling return. Every time it came back it deſcended lower and lower, whilſt its agonies and terrors ſeemed greater and greater. So extraordinary a circumſtance ſeemed to Ned wholly unaccountable, till at laſt he diſcovered among the thicket at the bottom of the tree, the head of an enormous rattle-ſnake, whoſe vivid eyes were fixed conſtantly and invariably on the poor creature deſtined to be its prey. Its huge mouth ſtood gaping wide open, which at laſt received the unfortunate animal.

mal. The monſter ſwallowed it whole, yet not without difficulty, for its gullet ſtood diſtended to a conſiderable ſize larger than the reſt of its body.

By what means theſe dreadful creatures are enabled to faſcinate the ſmaller animals deſtined by nature for their prey, is I believe as yet unknown, but the fact is inconteſtable: the ſame power extends to birds within a certain diſtance, and ſeems to be placed in the eye; for if any noiſe or other accident diſturbs the ſnake, the creature feels inſtantly relieved, and makes its eſcape. Whilſt Ned was contemplating this ſingular phænomenon, and perhaps moralizing on the melancholy truth, that no part of the animal creation is exempt from miſery, David returned with the welcome news that he had diſcovered a ſpring, and brought ſome water in his cap, which, though perhaps not the moſt inviting of veſſels at any other time, was yet at this moſt acceptable, for it was now near thirty hours ſince the poor wounded youth had

taſted liquid. He had been fortunate enough too to fall in with ſome wild grapes, which at this ſeaſon happened to be in their moſt eatable ſtate; and though they are but a harſh and auſtere fruit, yet were they cooling and refreſhing. This mouthful of food, ſcanty as it was, was ſufficient to revive the ſinking ſpirits of poor Edward: it renewed his confidence in that Power who was able to ſpread a table for him in the wilderneſs; who had ſent to his relief the perſon in the world who at that time was moſt able to afford it; and who fed him by a miracle little leſs ſtriking than if the materials of his ſupport had been brought to him by the ravens.

CHAP. XLIV.

EDWARD had no ſooner related the adventure of the rattle-ſnake and the ſquirrel, than David went to ſearch for that for-

formidable reptile, whom he found baſking among the underwood at the bottom of the great tree where he had devoured his prey. His voraciouſneſs indeed proved his ruin; for, as but a few minutes had elapſed ſince he had ſwallowed the ſquirrel, it had not yet reached his ſtomach: ſo that the ſize of it in his gullet incommoded him, and prevented his being able to make his eſcape, and David cut his head off with one ſtroke of his ſword. All danger from the poiſon of the animal (the moſt ſubtle perhaps with which any animal is endued) was by this means removed, and the poor ſquirrel became David's prize; and at this time not a bad one; for a ſquirrel is juſt as good eating as a rabbit, and it was not a bit the worſe for being ſwallowed by the ſnake, who might himſelf be eaten with all poſſible ſafety, the poiſon fangs being firſt removed: but of this at the preſent time they made no advantage.

Morgan, however, ſtripped the ſquirrel of his ſkin, and gutted him; and having kin-

dled a fire with a little gunpowder and ſome wadding, he could be at no loſs for fuel in the midſt of the foreſts of America; ſo that in a ſhort time he made a funeral pile for him, on which when he was pretty well broiled, Edward and he did him the honour to convert him into a part of themſelves, much to their comfort and refreſhment; and there being no want of ſquirrels in the American foreſts, this was a feaſt they might hope to renew at pleaſure, provided they could catch them without firing their guns, which nothing but abſolute neceſſity ſhould in their preſent circumſtances compel them to do.

When they had finiſhed their repaſt, Morgan propoſed to Edward once more to reaſcend his back that he might carry him to the ſpring which he had diſcovered, where he hoped to be able to make ſome kind of accommmodation for him, until he ſhould be able to move a little again upon his own legs; and indeed this indefatigable friend, whoſe ingenuity was not leſs than his

his attachment, did immediately lay about him with his ſword among the ſhrubs and underwood, with the twigs of which he very ſoon formed a ſort of cradle, of ſize and ſtrength ſufficient to bear Edward at full length. This he half filled with moſs, a ſingular production which hangs in long wreaths from the branches of the old and full-grown trees in America, and which being of a grey colour gives them an appearance of amazing dignity and age. This moſs is ſoft, light and elaſtic; and, ſtretched upon it, our poor Edward enjoyed more eaſe and repoſe than, at the time he received his wound, there was any probability he would ever do again.

When David had finiſhed his cradle and put the moſs in it, as before related, he ſuſpended it by the roots of ſome trailing plants twiſted together, from the branches of a thick oak which grew near the ſpring, and raiſed it about four feet from the ground; ſo that there Ned might ſwing at eaſe, and be removed from the apprehen-

ſion of ſnakes or any other venomous reptile approaching to annoy him. He then lifted his beloved maſter into it, who found unſpeakable comfort in the ſituation; and Morgan perched himſelf among ſome of the neighbouring branches, where he watched the cradle and its ſuffering inhabitant with as much care and anxiety as the ſtock-dove does her neſt.

Three weeks had nearly elapſed, during which they had met with no interruption, and the pain and ſwelling of Edward's wound had ſo far abated, that he was able to get out of his hammock and walk a little about for refreſhment. But the care of providing for ſupport ſtill reſted ſolely upon Morgan, who had invented many traps and gins, in which he ſeldom failed to enſnare ſome or other of the wild inhabitants of the deſert, ſo as to baniſh all fear of periſhing by famine. It was one day when he was abſent on this neceſſary employment, and that poor Edward, reclined upon a bank, was ruminating on the memory of his dear friend

friend Rivers, and on all the tender ideas associated with that name, that he was suddenly alarmed by the report of a muſquet very near him, the ball from which went through his hat, and lodged in the tree juſt at his back. He had ſcarce time to ſtart up, when he was ſtill more alarmed by the hideous yells of the war-whoop, and ſaw before him a party of Indians advancing with tomahawks and ſcalping knives, and with all thoſe ferocious menaces which with theſe ſavages are the preludes to deſtruction. He ſaw at once that he was loſt.

Utterly unable either to reſiſt or to fly, he remained fixed in his attitude, determined to meet whatever death they might put him to, with the firmneſs of a man, and with the reſignation of a Chriſtian. The Indians have a reſpect for courage; and perceiving that Ned was young, and no wiſe deficient in this admired quality, they changed their firſt intention of ſcalping him, and determined to carry him with them as a priſoner. Theſe Indians were

of the Agigua tribe, a branch of the Cherokees, and were ſettled along the banks of a river from which they derived their name. In the beginning of the American conteſt, they were unfortunately induced, by the miſtaken policy of the Britiſh agents, to take up arms with the expectation of aſſiſting them; but it being a matter of entire indifference to them which party prevailed, they determined to ſtudy no intereſt but their own, and plundered and put to death both parties whenever they had an opportunity of doing it with impunity. No object could be more defenceleſs than the unfortunate youth who ſtood before them: wounded, and alone, his ſituation would have excited compaſſion in any breaſt capable of entertaining that godlike ſentiment; but compaſſion is not numbered among the liſt of Indian virtues, and he who ſought it, or he who beſtowed it, would be alike deſpiſed. Ned was not unacquainted with this part of their character, and therefore determined, let them do

what

what they would, to ſuffer without flinching. They began with ſtripping him to the ſkin, and dividing his raiment among them. A piece of an old blanket which one of them had about his loins, he generouſly exchanged with Edward for his breeches; but he had not gone far in his new acquiſition, till he found them an incumbrance, and threw them away with all they contained, without however demanding his blanket again. As Ned conceived himſelf juſt going to be murdered, the loſs of his clothing gave him no uneaſineſs; he was anxious only to preſerve, as long as he ſhould live, the locket with Lady Cecilia's hair, which hung about his neck: and this indeed was the only thing they left him; for they conſidered this to be his Manitow or Toutam, that is, his tutelar deity; and the piety of an Indian, however he may torment you himſelf, never wiſhes you to forfeit the favour or protection of your God. The whole party who had thus got our poor youth into their power were about

twelve, and they had with them two other white priſoners, one of whom was known to Edward, being indeed a ſoldier in Nettlefield's regiment, and the very man whom his father had compelled to quit his fields for the army, and whoſe mother Ned had relieved in his way to Ravenſdale. This meeting was affecting, for poor Doran did not want for gratitude: but now their common misfortunes had thrown down all diſtinctions; and their inhuman maſters tied them all together, loading them with whatever plunder they had to carry, and driving them, naked as they were, before them.

Doran had been near a fortnight in their hands, being taken after another ſkirmiſh ſubſequent to that in which Edward was wounded; and the other man was an American, one of the Carolina militia, whom they had picked up as he was endeavouring to return home to the back country. But it was all one to the Indians in what ſervice they were engaged; ſcalps and plunder were all they wanted, and thoſe two poor creatures

creatures were preſerved only to load their backs with what they obtained, and in the end perhaps to be rewarded with more refined tortures.

To theſe unhappy victims poor Ned was now added; and as he was driven bound from the old tree, which for three weeks had been his ſhelter, he could not help reflecting on the endleſs gradation of human woe. How ſoon a calamity, which we now think the deepeſt that can befal us, may be exchanged for another, in compariſon of which the firſt which we ſo lamented may ſeem like heaven! Certainly the old tree, with its ſuſpended hurdles, and the affectionate attention of David Morgan, miſerable and forlorn as it firſt appeared, was paradiſe in compariſon of the toil and affliction he was now to ſuffer; and in the midſt of all his own ſorrows, he could not help lamenting the agony which he knew his poor friend would undergo, when he ſhould return and find him irretrievably loſt. But notwithſtanding the depth of wretchedneſs

to

to which Edward was now reduced, his ſoul, ſupported by religion, roſe ſuperior to it. The world he conſidered as loſt to him for ever; but he did not on that account think himſelf entitled to quit it before his time. He ſuppoſed, indeed, that if he lived to get to the country of the Indians, he ſhould then be ſacrificed, as was their cuſtom, by lingering and cruel tortures; but ſtill he conceived it to be the appointment of his Maker, and that he had no right to deſert his poſt by a voluntary death, or to elude whatever diſpenſation the Almighty might think fit to lay him under. Firmly depending upon the ultimate mercy of his Creator, he fortified his mind with that confidence, till the vigour of his ſoul actually braced that of his body up to its own tone. The anguiſh of his hip was now become to him a trifling conſideration, and really diminiſhed the more he uſed exerciſe, till at length it went totally away. Whenever any ſoft idea ſtole upon his mind, he endeavoured to baniſh it directly,

and

and turned his thoughts to thoſe ſufferings he was to undergo, and which he determined to endure with all the firmneſs of an Indian. A foretaſte of what he was to expect he ſaw the ſecond day of his journey; for the poor Carolinian, not having the ſtrength of mind even of Doran, and far leſs of Edward, began to bemoan himſelf with many tears; nor could all that either of the companions of his miſery could ſay to him prevent his ſinking down and giving vent to his ſorrow. The Indians beheld him with ineffable contempt; and one of them coming up as he ſat on the ground, ſaid in his own language, that he had the ſoul of a Stinkbingſem (a timid animal, whoſe only defence is its nauſeous ſmell), and not a man, and inſtantly ſplit his ſkull with his tomahawk. He ſcalped him on the ſpot, and held the bloody fleſh in his teeth till he untied the fetters by which he was faſtened to poor Ned and Doran, and then they were driven on as before.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLV.

A MURDER ſo ſudden and ſo atrocious could not fail to fill Edward and his unfortunate fellow ſufferer with the utmoſt horror, and with no ill-founded apprehenſions that one of themſelves would go next; and Ned at this time happening to ſtumble, he fell under the load that was heaped upon him, and was unable to help himſelf by reaſon of the fetters with which his hand was faſtened to John Doran's. The young ſavage, who had juſt killed the unfortunate Carolinian, came up to him immediately, with his bloody ſcalping-knife drawn in his hand. Poor Edward ſuppoſed his laſt moment was arrived, and meekly laid his head to receive the blow: but the Indian cut the cords by which he was tied, and helped him to riſe; he even eaſed him of part of the burthen which he carried, and

took it on himſelf, at the ſame time offering him his pipe which he had in his mouth to ſmoke. A kindneſs ſo unexpected aſtoniſhed Ned, and made him believe that the heart of this ſavage was ſtill formed in a human mould. His face, though wild, was expreſſive of good-nature: he took therefore his pipe, which he knew to be an emblem of peace among Indians, and, after ſmoking a whiff or two, returned it, offering him at the ſame time his right hand, which the Indian accepted, and from this time attached himſelf to Edward as his friend.

This young warrior, whoſe name was Awattahowee, that is, the deer killer, was induced to ſhew kindneſs to Ned, not from any ſentiments of compaſſion, but from his obſervation of the firmneſs with which he bore his misfortune.

Every night when they encamped (if we may give that term to a halt where they had no covering but the heavens and the trees, which indeed ſpread wide their

branches

branches covered with the thickeſt foliage, our unfortunate priſoners Edward and Doran were relieved from the burthens which they carried, only to ſuffer greater hardſhips: their hands were tied together with cords made of vine-twigs twiſted together, and drawn ſo tight as to force the blood out of their fingers' ends; with theſe cords they were faſtened round a great tree, againſt which they could lean, but could not lie down. The Indians then kindled a fire, on which they dreſſed whatever animal proviſions they had, ſuch as pole cats, or racoons; and when they had finiſhed, they condeſcended to give what remained to their unhappy priſoners, ſometimes untying their hands, and ſometimes not; but always watching them with the moſt jealous eye. If they happened to have no animal food with them, then the Etuſſu Zargetoon, that is, the beloved waiter, a kind of commiſſary who attends every expedition, deals out to every man an equal quantity of parched corn, always very ſparingly; which

which corn is conſecrated, and the bleſſing of the Supreme Being ſolemnly invoked upon it before they ſet out, and committed to the truſt of this officer, who diſtributes it in exact proportion to the whole party, priſoners and all, becauſe they ſuppoſe it to be the property of the Almighty, who deals his bleſſings impartially to all; and therefore no diſtreſs could tempt an Indian to ſteal a particle of it, nor to withhold the ſhare which the Divine Being wills to be given to all his creatures. In the preſent inſtance, indeed, they had no neceſſity to recur to this holy depoſit; for they were not in a country of hoſtile Indians, but on the borders of the back ſettlements of the Whites, whom they ſpared not to plunder, and whoſe plantations abounded with all the eſſential neceſſaries of life. A memorable inſtance of this plundering diſpoſition happened on this night. They were now amongſt the remoteſt of the white ſettlements on the confines of the great wilderneſs, through

which

which they had a diſtance of near 500 miles to march before they reached their own nation. As ſoon as the ſun was down, therefore, the warriors held a council round the fire, at which it was determined that four of the party ſhould ſet out at midnight, and proceed till they ſhould fall in with ſome plantation, which they were to pillage and deſtroy, bringing away as much as they could that was eatable. Nothing can exceed the caution with which the Indians attack an enemy; for the glory of their warfare is to do the greateſt poſſible miſchief with the leaſt loſs. It is all therefore carried on by ſtratagem and ſurpriſe, not without a conſiderable degree of ſuperſtition. As ſoon as the moon was down, and darkneſs covered the face of nature, the four warriors, of whom Awattahowee was one, received from the etuſſu a conſecrated drink, made of certain roots and herbs infuſed for three days and nights in water. This is to induce the Deity to guard and proſper them; and on no account whatever are they

they to drink again, until the object of the expedition is either attained or loſt. He likewiſe gives at the ſame time to the leader of the expedition a certain quantity of the holy parched corn, according to the number of the warriors, and the days which they intend to be abſent. This he puts into a deer ſkin bag, or any other convenient carriage, never however omitting to rub it three times againſt the holy war-cheſt, which contains the conſecrated corn; and by this operation it is alſo rendered holy. If any perſon was to preſume to touch theſe ſacred repoſitories with a deſign to plunder them, they believe that Iſhtoo-boolo, or the great maſter of life, that is the Supreme Being, would plague him with all his curſes, and that the offending hand would rot off. Having received theſe neceſſaries for their expedition, the warriors departed, the leader ſinging the firſt ſtave of the ſolemn war-ſong, which is taken up by the one immediately behind him, and ſo on, as long as they are in hearing

ing of their friends; but as ſoon as they are out of that they are all ſilent, and never ſpeak more except by preconcerted ſignals, leſt they ſhould give notice to their enemies of their approach. Theſe ſignals conſiſt in imitating the voices of all the creatures which inhabit the deſerts, whether birds or beaſts, and which all expert warriors are able to do with aſtoniſhing exactneſs, ſo as often to deceive even the creatures themſelves. They follow one another in an exact line at the diſtance of three or four ſteps, and endeavour to tread exactly in each other's marks, that, if they ſhould be tracked, the enemy may not be able to diſcover their number. In this way the four warriors proceeded all that night without lighting on a plantation; but at the dawn of day they ſaw, from the top of a hill, a dwelling at about two miles diſtance; and this they reſolved to attack, but not till the following night. Having received, therefore, their allowances of conſecrated corn, they lay down among ſome logs

logs of fallen timber, pulling ſome branches over them, ſo that they were in no danger of being diſcovered.

Poor Edward and Doran in the mean time ſuffered by the abſence of Awattahowee. They remained faſt bound to the tree; the reſt of the party ſleeping around them, and ſanctifying themſelves with a moſt rigid faſt to enſure ſucceſs to the expedition. They therefore continued without any ſpecies of refreſhment, and not without horror to think what cruelties would be perpetrated on poor defenceleſs unſuſpecting people, nor how they themſelves might be involved in them. All that night and all the next day they remained in that miſerable ſituation, till nature was almoſt exhauſted; but on the morning of the ſecond day the ſignal of their return was heard, and ſoon after the party themſelves appeared, driving before them an old man and a young one loaden with the wrecks of their own goods: but one of their own number was miſſing; it

was

was not however Awattahowee. Had the party returned in perfect ſafety, their arrival would have been announced with ſhouts and every geſture of joy, and ſinging the ſong of triumph. But one of their party being loſt, they ſimply gave the ſignal of return, and then advanced as they went one after the other in profound ſilence. Their firſt care was to appeaſe the ghoſt of the deceaſed warrior, which they did by ſinging a ſolemn dirge to his memory, and threatening the old man (who indeed had ſhot him from his window) with the moſt dreadful vengeance. Their next was to refreſh themſelves and their brethren, which was indeed now become highly neceſſary to all; and on this occaſion Awattahowee had the goodneſs to releaſe both Edward and Doran from the tree, but not from each other, leſt they ſhould attempt their eſcape. The two unfortunate priſoners they had brought with them were tied up in their room. Nevertheleſs they gave them ſhare of the repaſt

paſt which they prepared, and which they were well entitled to, ſince it was formed from their own proviſions. This ſhort-lived kindneſs was, however, but the prelude to the greateſt barbarity, on which indeed they knew too well how to refine.

The old man's name was Joſeph Atkins; and, at the time when theſe bloodhounds aſſaulted his houſe, his family conſiſted of his wife, two daughters (one of them a married woman with an infant at her breaſt), and his ſon, a youth about ſixteen. Two other ſons, and the huſband of his daughter, were abſent on ſervice, fighting the battles of their country. It was the dead of night when this unhappy family (long before retired to their repoſe) were awoke out of their ſleep by the diſmal ſound of the war-whoop, which is always the ſignal of attack with the ſavages. The unfortunate old man, knowing their mercileſs diſpoſition, and perceiving that there were but four of them, was in hopes that he might be able to repel them before they

ſhould break open the door. He fired therefore from the window two or three ſhot, by which one of the Indians fell. This only exaſperated the others, and rouſed their anger into tenfold rage. The door was at length broke open: and here I hope my readers will excuſe my entering into the particulars of thoſe atrocious barbarities, in the commiſſion of which the miſerable women, with the innocent infant, loſt their lives in preſence of the wretched father, who, with his ſon faſt bound, was made to be a ſpectator of the ſcene. Having ſcalped theſe victims of their fury (a ceremony which they never neglect to perform) they proceeded to rifle the houſe of whatever drink or proviſions they could get; and having found a little horſe in the ſtable, they loaded him, and their priſoners, and themſelves, with all that they could carry, and ſet fire to the reſt, dancing round the miſerable owner, who envied the lot of thoſe loſt objects of his affection, who were inſenſible of thoſe flames

in

in which they were conſumed. Their next care was for the Indian that was killed: him they interred with all his war ornaments about him; and doubtleſs they would then have ſacrificed the old man to his manes, but that they reſerved him for a more public ſpectacle. Thoſe captives who are far advanced in life are certain to atone for the blood they have ſhed, by the tortures of fire. The younger priſoners are generally offered to families who have loſt relations, to be adopted in their room: and if they are fortunate enough to be accepted, they ſucceed to the rights and even to the affections of the deceaſed: but old age meets no compaſſion; and it is not uncommon for parents, when very decrepid, to be knocked on the head by their own children, and that at their own deſire. When their feaſt was ended, and they had regaled themſelves with ſome of the liquor which they had taken from poor Atkins's habitation, they roſe up to divert themſelves with the barbarous amuſement

of torturing the old man. They began by ſtripping him naked, and painting him all over with various colours, which they always carry about them for their own uſe. Then they would pluck the white hairs from his venerable head, and tauntingly tell him that he was a fool for living ſo long, and that they would ſhew him kindneſs in putting him out of the world. Afterwards they would hold lighted torches of pitch-pine ſo near his ſkin as to raiſe it in bliſters, and then let the burning pitch drop upon it. When he was ſo wearied with theſe tortures as to be in danger of fainting, they would pour cold water on him to revive him, and give him food and ſome of his own liquors to enable him to undergo them again. His unhappy ſon was all the time ſpectator of his agonies, bound to a neighbouring tree, whilſt all the anxiety of the ſuffering father was directed to him, to prevent his betraying any weakneſs, leſt that might provoke his mercileſs tormentors to treat him in the

ſame

ſame way. Poor Edward and Doran were obliged alſo to behold the ſad tragedy in ſilence, and to ſuppreſs thoſe emotions either of pity or reſentment which alternately roſe in their breaſts.

CHAP. XLVI.

THE Indians having, by this barbarous maſſacre and robbery, obtained a ſufficiency of proviſions to laſt them the remainder of their journey; and having now no enemy between them and home, ſet forward on their return with the utmoſt ſpirits and alacrity. However cruel and irreconcileable they are to their enemies, they do yet poſſeſs many great virtues, among which truth and hoſpitality are not the leaſt. An Indian will never deceive you, unleſs he has been himſelf firſt deceived: and in-

deed, excepting in the inſtance of cruelty to enemies, and the inſatiable deſire of revenge, whatever other vices now deform their character are chiefly owing to the corruptions introduced among them by their intercourſe with the Whites, and by no means to their natural diſpoſition, which is open, generous, friendly, and ſincere. Poor Edward derived much advantage from this temper in Awattahowee, who having once conceived and expreſſed a friendſhip for him, was incapable of being moved from it, unleſs by ſome unworthineſs on Edward's part—a defect which we need not apprehend. The age of this young Indian was much the ſame as Edward's; and, bating that ferocity in war which the prejudices of their education make them eſteem a virtue, he had a heart no ways unworthy even of a Chriſtian boſom. From his firſt obſervation of Edward's firmneſs he had conceived a good opinion of him, and thought he would not be unworthy of becoming an Indian warrior

rior—a character, which, in his eſtimation, was the higheſt to which human nature could attain. To exalt Edward into this, if poſſible, was the intention of Awattahowee, and even to ingraft him into his own family. He had a ſiſter, one year older than himſelf, who in her native town was generally eſteemed a beauty, and who had been married to a young warrior of a very diſtinguiſhed family: but he, like Adonis of old, had unfortunately loſt his life in hunting a few months before, and left his widow big with her firſt child. The wiſh of Awattahowee was, that Edward might be pleaſing in her ſight, and that ſhe would adopt him in the room of her beloved lord Onondoga, in which caſe he would ſucceed to all his rights, and even to his name. And indeed, conſidering Edward's figure, and the alternative on his part of being burned to death, if no head of a family ſhould adopt him, there were good hopes of his not being diſappointed.

With theſe friendly diſpoſitions therefore towards Edward, and with the outward teſtimonies of them which he ſhewed him, often eaſing him of his burthen, and ſharing with him his beloved brandy, it would have been unnatural, as well as ungenerous, if no return of ſympathy could be excited in his breaſt, notwithſtanding his abhorrence of ſhedding innocent blood, with which he knew Awattahowee was deeply ſtained. But the guilt of an action depends upon the knowledge and intentions of him who commits it: and when we conſider Awattahowee's education and national prejudices, notwithſtanding what we have ſeen, we cannot pronounce him unworthy of Edward's gratitude. Be that as it may, he certainly obtained it; and Ned now felt comfort from that very preſence which but a few days before chilled him with horror. Poor Doran too, and the young American, partook of Indian bounty; but the venerable head that ſtood moſt in need of it was the only one to

whom

whom it was denied. He had killed an Indian, and was beſides guilty of the unpardonable crime of being old. He was therefore devoted to vengeance: and if they did not torture him to death upon the ſpot, it was only that they might feaſt the eyes of their nation with his ſacrifice when they got home. Seventeen days did they march through the wilderneſs, before the lake of Agigua made its appearance; on the borders of which, and of the river which runs from it, the towns of their tribe are ſituated. The joyful proſpect was ſoon announced with ſinging and dancing, not forgetting a double portion of brandy, and ſome new indignity to the unhappy Joſeph Atkins.

On the eaſtern point of this lake ſtands a very high rock, projecting from the ſurrounding cliffs with majeſtic grandeur, whoſe ſummit was crowned with a foreſt of aged evergreens, which at no ſeaſon of the year loſt their verdure. At the baſe were a number of romantic caverns dark and

gloomy, the unmoleſted retreat of various ſpecies of aquatic fowls, as well as of amphibious monſters which frequent the lakes of America. To this rock the Indians had, from immemorial tradition, annexed ſome idea of ſanctity. They called it Aſhemic Manitoo, that is, the dwelling of the Spirit. The air paſſing through the caverns they ſuppoſed to be the breathings of the ſpirits who inhabited them, and the moſt courageous Indian would not dare to approach them without awe, nor on any account to paſs into them beyond the precincts of clear day-light. As they approached this rock they all bent their bodies to the ground, and threw into the lake various articles they had about them, particularly ſome of the conſecrated corn, as an acknowledgment to the Deity for having ſupported them with food while away, and now brought them back again in ſafety to their own country. When they approached the village, inſtead of haſtening to ſee their friends or relatives,

or being impatient to tell the ſtory of their adventures, they followed their leader, one by one, the priſoners being in the centre, and all maintaining a profound ſilence. They do not enter the village on the day they approach it, but encamp near it all night in a place marked out for the purpoſe. In the centre of this place is fixed a high war-pole, painted black and red, to which the priſoners are ſecured. Poor Joſeph Atkins, who had not been able to walk for ſome days, was tied upon his horſe, and both faſtened to the pole. Ned, with his other fellow-ſufferer, ſhared the ſame fate; but they were all refreſhed with as much Indian corn pounded and ſtewed with bear's greaſe as they could eat, which they call ſagamity; and Ned, through the favour of his friend Awattahowee, got ſome rum mixed with his water to waſh it down.

On the following day they were all conducted in the ſame regular and ſilent order into the town, and the priſoners were ſecured

in the head warrior's war-houſe, till it was determined by the council what ſhould be done with them. This war-houſe is nothing but an oblong room, ſecured however ſtrongly enough; it ſtands by itſelf, and is lighted from the top. There are loop-holes alſo all round it, through which muſkets may be fired, or arrows ſhot. It is entered by a low door, not above a yard high, and in the centre is a war-pole fixed, to which the priſoners are tied. The wall on the inſide is painted red, with black ſtreaks, and ſometimes with coarſe repreſentations of ſome of the warrior's exploits. The ſcalps that he has either taken or inherited, are alſo hung round or faſtened to his war-pole, and theſe are the moſt valuable articles of furniture any Indian can poſſeſs; they are cured into a conſiſtence like glove-leather, with the hair on, and are ſtretched on a ſmall hoop, and the bare ſide painted red, and ſometimes adorned with ſhells or beads.

Such was the room into which our unfortunate

fortunate priſoners were conducted, and from which few ever remove but to torture.

The coolneſs of Indians does not allow them to determine any thing in a hurry, and therefore theſe unhappy ſufferers remained ignorant of their lot all that day and the following night. Edward employed this time in fortifying his own mind, and endeavouring to ſtrengthen thoſe of the companions of his misfortune, to ſuſtain with firmneſs whatever trials were prepared for them. He repreſented to them various inſtances of the moſt glorious fortitude related in profane authors; of heroes who deſpiſed death, although not ſupported by any certain hopes of any thing beyond it; but, above all, the noble army of martyrs furniſhed him with the moſt copious as well as moſt brilliant examples of patient virtue, bearing and ſurmounting, nay willingly and gladly undergoing, whatever the moſt barbarous inventions of cruel tyrants could inflict, whoſe names on that account were

handed down to poſterity full of honour, and whoſe ſufferings of a moment were now rewarded with an eternal weight of glory. By ſuch diſcourſes the ſullen hours of this night of darkneſs and of doubt were cheered. The terrors of his companions were appeaſed; and Joſeph Atkins in particular reſigned to death, which indeed could alone ſtop the iſſues of his grief, and put an end to ſorrows which nothing in time could ever heal.

In the morning the ſound of the war-ſong announced the approach of the Indians, and all the priſoners were led forth in Indian file, that is, one after the other, to the great ſquare in the middle of the town. Here every inhabitant, male and female, young and old, was aſſembled. In the centre of this ſquare was erected a black pole, from the top of which was ſuſpended a burning firebrand; and three other poles, painted red, were placed at ſome diſtance from it. Poor Ned, with Doran, and the young American, were ſtripped as naked as

they

they were born, and bound to their reſpective poles. The venerable Atkins was next faſt pinioned, and a ſtrong rope of twiſted vine-twigs being tied to the top of the black pole, the other end was faſtened round his neck, not ſo as to hurt him, but to ſecure him, and ſo long as to allow him a ſpace of ſome yards to courſe round the pole. A pair of moccaſſins, or Indian ſhoes, made of the ſkin of a black bear, with the hairy ſide outwards, was put on his feet, and this is the death-warrant. The chiefs then retire to the circle, and the puniſhment is left to the women and children.—Oh Nature! how were thy ſacred laws then outraged! Surely the dæmons from hell muſt have uſurped thy power, and torn from thy tendereſt works the hearts which thou hadſt given them, to make them reſidences for themſelves. Each of theſe furies, armed with a brand of flaming pitch-pine, attacked the naked and the feeble Atkins, whilſt the young fiends ſhot arrows at him, tipped with flints, to which burning bits of light-

wood

wood were faſtened, and which ſtuck in every part of his body. One of them ſcooped his eye out with a ſcalping-knife, and inſtantly placed a burning cinder in its room, whilſt another offered him brandy to revive him. Not a ſoul of whatever age or ſex ſhewed the leaſt pity to his ſufferings; the women ſung with frantic joy, and ſhouts of laughter echoed through the ſurrounding circle of the men. At laſt his white head bowed to the ground, and a merciful ſtroke of a tomahawk put an end to his tortures. The unfortunate ſon, who witneſſed theſe afflictions, might learn indeed from his venerable father how to bear them, but could not have the comfort even of one parting word. Faſt bound himſelf to the ſtake, he expected his own turn would be next, or that of Edward or of Doran, who, alike prepared for the event, longed only for the moment that ſhould place them beyond the fear of what man could do unto them.

But now the Indians, ſatisfied for the preſent

preſent with blood, raiſed up the body from the ground, and, faſtening it in an erect poſture to the pole, ſurrounded it with dry canes and pitch-pine, and ſet the whole on fire, whilſt they danced round it, rejoicing and ſinging the war-ſong.

When the whole was conſumed, an elderly matron, who had borne no part in the tragedy but as a ſpectator, advanced towards Ned, and ſtood for a few minutes juſt before him. She repeated ſome words which he could not underſtand, but ſuppoſed to be the prelude to his death; for, immediately when they were finiſhed, ſhe claſped her arms about his neck, round which ſhe faſtened a large belt of wampum. His friend Awattahowee, whom he had not ſeen ſince his impriſonment in the war-houſe, now immediately ſprang forward and cut aſunder the bands by which he was faſtened to the war pole. Naked as he was born, the old lady did not ſeem at all diſconcerted at his appearance, but took him by the hand, and frequently repeated the words

words Aſhemic Janis, that is, Home my ſon, whilſt Awattahowee endeavoured to make him underſtand that he had found a mother.

Poor Ned did indeed perceive that he was reſcued from immediate death, but was at a loſs to know in what relation he ſtood towards the female who had conferred on him this favour, or by what duties ſhe expected him to ſhew his gratitude.

CHAP. XLVII.

POOR Edward, clad only in the ſuit which Nature gave him on his birth-day, walked off in naked majeſty between Awattahowee and the old lady, accompanied however with the ſongs and acclamations of the ſurrounding multitude; and turning about to view what became of his companions, he had the ſatisfaction to ſee they alſo had

had found deliverers, and that the ſpectacle of miſery was at an end. Weenacoba (or the Turkey-Hen), the name of his kind protectreſs, led him directly to her wig-wawm, a habitation far from being uncomfortable. Her firſt care was to anoint his whole body with bear's-greaſe; an operation which, though entirely new to him, and perhaps not the moſt agreeable, he yet ſoon found to be highly beneficial, as it effectually protected his ſkin from the bites of muſquitoes and other inſects, and alſo from the heat of the ſun. She next threw over his ſhoulders a grand war-belt, from which was ſuſpended the ſpotted ſkin of a panther, dreſſed in a manner that rendered it as ſoft as velvet, and which relieved his modeſty from any of thoſe awkward ſenſations from which the more liberal manners of the lady ſeemed to be entirely exempted. She then powdered his hair with vermilion, and, ſetting herſelf down on a kind of ſofa, cut (not without art) out of a ſolid block of timber, ſhe contemplated his figure with the utmoſt

ſatisfaction.

ſatisfaction. Laſtly, faſtening on his feet a pair of moccaſſins, which are ſo contrived as to adjuſt themſelves to almoſt any meaſure, he was completely dreſſed.

Having thus liberally provided for his outſide, ſhe rightly judged that he ſtood in need of ſome internal comfort, and immediately ſet about preparing it. Awattahowee, who was preſent all the while, pointed to another ſeat, on which Ned ſat down; and then ſhaking him by the hand, he left the wigwawm.

It is natural to ſuppoſe that the being relieved from the inſtant expectation of a cruel death muſt have raiſed Ned's ſpirits in a conſiderable degree; yet the awkwardneſs of his ſituation, not being able to underſtand a word that was ſaid to him, nor to gueſs at what was intended to be done with him, held him in diſagreeable ſuſpenſe; though he could not help perceiving that in his preſent reſidence he had nothing to expect but kindneſs, ſeeing the old lady was buſily employed in cooking him

ſome

ſome Indian broth, and only interrupted her work to caſt on him every now and then looks of complacency and affection. But he was ſoon relieved from this anxiety by the return of Awattahowee, who brought with him another young man, an Indian of the half breed, that is, the ſon of an Indian woman by an Engliſh trader. This young man had often been at the White ſettlements with his father, and, during the time he lived with his mother, had picked up as much Engliſh as enabled him to be tolerably well underſtood. His name was Quanſhebo, or the Pack-carrier, becauſe he was ſometimes ſo employed by his father. After the firſt ſalutation (which Ned was equally ſurpriſed and rejoiced to hear uttered in Engliſh), he informed him that the woman who had adopted him was the widow of Oſtaboa, a ſachem of the firſt diſtinction in the nation, and the mother of Onondoga, who had married the ſiſter of Awattahowee, and who was unhappily killed by a bear as he was hunting. That Awattahowee had

had done every thing he could to make his ſiſter Sheeraſta, or the White Lily, tranſplant him into her boſom in the room of her huſband that ſhe had loſt; but ſhe declared ſhe had no room in her heart for any other warrior, and that ſhe would breed up her ſon, who was then ſucking her breaſt, to inherit the name and glory of his father. "Awattahowee (ſaid he) loves you ever ſince he ſmoked the pipe of peace with you; and when he found his ſiſter was reſolved never to receive another man, he determined to try his influence with Weenacoba to adopt you as her ſon, in the room of Onondoga. She ſaid ſhe would do it, if your behaviour at the war-pole was like that of a warrior; but if you ſhewed the heart of a cat, ſhe would leave you to your fate. The event has proved how well ſhe was pleaſed with you; and now, brother, ſhe expects from you the duty and attentions of a ſon, and you will receive from her the tenderneſs and affection of a mother. In a few days ſhe will adopt you before the holy and beloved

loved men, and from that moment you will become a warrior of the illuſtrious Agigua nation."

While Quanſhebo was explaining his ſituation to Edward, the eyes of Weenacoba were often directed towards the youth, who, whatever might be his real ſenſations, certainly owed to her and to Awattahowee a conſiderable debt of gratitude. He thought himſelf happy that the exemplary fidelity of Sheeraſta to the memory of Onondoga had exempted him from a trial which he dreaded more than death, and therefore willingly took Weenacoba's hand and raiſed it to his lips, as an expreſſion of thoſe grateful ſentiments which he really felt for her. The venerable ſquaw returned his compliment with a warm embrace, which, though at another time he perhaps would have excuſed, yet in his preſent circumſtances he might well conſider as the moſt enlivening kiſs he had ever received.

The broth being now ready, which conſiſted of the fat paw of a bear, ſtewed down with

with two young puppies, and ſome Indian corn, a clean mat was ſpread upon the floor, and the kettle placed in the middle; a bowl of a coarſe earthen-ware, made by themſelves, and a wooden ſpoon, were given to each, and the hoſpitable Weenacoba divided the treat. Poor Edward, who had not taſted food for four-and-twenty hours, and indeed who had not made a meal for ſix weeks but in peril of his life, now found a young puppy an excellent morſel, and that nothing more is neceſſary to make any diſh palatable than health and a good appetite. When they had eaten to ſuffice, but not to burthen nature, their kind hoſteſs preſented them with other bowls filled with a liquor made by throwing warm water on the pounded kernels of hiccory-nuts, which being allowed to ſtand for a few days, ferments, and when it ſubſides becomes a kind of clear whey of a gentle ſubacid taſte: the addition of a little of the ſweet juice of the maple-tree, which abounds every where through the country, makes this a moſt wholeſome,

wholeſome, nouriſhing, and pleaſant beverage, which may be drunk in any quantity without danger. The calumet of peace concluded the entertainment; and though Ned was no ſmoker, yet he could not refuſe to take a friendly whiff with thoſe to whom he was indebted for his life, and who deſired nothing more than to live with him on brotherly terms of love and concord.

When the hour of reſt arrived, Weenacoba ſhewed him to a receſs partitioned off from the wall of the houſe, and large enough for him to lie at full length with eaſe. On the ground were placed four logs about a foot high, which ſupported ſeveral ſlender poles, on which a large quantity of moſs was laid, and over that the thick and ſhaggy ſkin of a bear; another ſkin of the ſame kind, thrown over him, ſerved him for bed-clothes; and ſtretched upon this his weary limbs at laſt found ſecure repoſe, and his mind a temporary ſuſpenſion of thoſe ſorrows and regrets which the expec-

tation of immediate death had in ſome degree overpowered, but which, ſince the removal of that apprehenſion, had returned with redoubled force.

On this couch then we will leave him for the preſent to recruit his fatigues both of body and mind, whilſt we enquire what became of the affectionate and faithful David Morgan.

We have before related, that David had gone into the woods to ſearch the ſnares, in which he hoped to find ſome of the wild inhabitants of the deſert entangled, on which they principally depended for ſubſiſtence; and that he had left Edward, who was beginning to be able to walk a little about, repoſing on the bank at the bottom of the tree from which his hurdled cot was ſuſpended. He had been abſent ſome time, and was returning with high ſatisfaction, having been fortunate enough to catch a racoon and two ſquirrels, when he heard the ſhot which the Indians fired, and the ball from which ſo narrowly failed to put

an end to all poor Edward's ſufferings at once. No gun that he had ever before heard fired, though in the midſt of battle, appalled him with half the terror of this report; he dropped the creatures he had taken in the ſpot where he was, and immediately ſprang forward to aſſiſt his maſter, or to ſhare his fate. When he came to the tree, and found all ſilent, and no Edward there, words cannot deſcribe his agony of grief and conſternation. The hurdle cradle he found rummaged and overturned; but not ſeeing any marks of blood, he hoped that Edward might be ſtill alive. As he was muſing in ſorrow, the diſtant ſound of the war-whoop ſtruck his ear; on which immediately he got up into the great tree, and aſcended to its higheſt top, from whence he got a glimpſe of the Indian party with their priſoners paſſing through the woods; and the diſmal cry of the war-whoop ſounding fainter and fainter on his ear, he diſcerned the full extent of Edward's misfortune. Had it been poſſible

for any exertion of his to be of the ſmalleſt uſe to him, he would have flown to his aſſiſtance, although at the almoſt certain coſt of his life: but he rightly reflected, that the moſt eſſential benefit he could now render him, would be to relate his ſituation to the regiment, if indeed he could by any means rejoin it, or happily fall in with any other party of the Engliſh forces. Coming down from the tree, therefore, he took a final leave of its friendly ſhade, not without tears when he reflected on his dear maſter, and the little probability there was that he ſhould ever ſee him again; knowing well the barbarous hands into which he had fallen, and fully ſenſible to how many dangerous hazards his own life was expoſed. To preſerve that life, however, was the firſt dictate both of nature and duty; and as it was plain that parties of Indians were abroad, he determined for the preſent to go no further than to recover the proviſions he had dropped, and to continue his journey only by night.

He

He found the racoon and the ſquirrels juſt where he had left them, and then mounted the thickeſt tree he could find, until the friendly ſhade of night ſhould lend him her protecting mantle. In the mean time he flayed his racoon and the ſquirrels, and ſtretched the ſkins in the manner of ſcalps upon ſmall hoops made from the boughs of the tree in which he was perched. The racoon's ſkin ſerved him for a knapſack, in which he could ſtow his ſquirrels, or what other food he ſhould be lucky enough to fall in with; and with this employment he beguiled the hours till the ſun went down. As ſoon as it was dark, he deſcended from his aërial ſituation, and walked the whole night as nearly in one direction as he could. The myriads of fireflies, which at this ſeaſon of the year ſwarm through all the American foreſts, were like ſo many vivid ſparks quickly glancing in all directions, and, by the gleams of light they diffuſed, ſerved to cheer his way, and in a ſmall degree to illumine it. No acci-

dent worthy of commemoration happened to him on this firſt night of his journey, nor yet on the next, which he performed in the ſame manner, after paſſing the day in a tree as before. But on the third night, about midnight, the noiſe he made ruſtling among the leaves alarmed a party of Indians, who were lying round a ſmall fire, which he did not perceive: they ſuddenly ſtarted from the ground, and, ſeizing their fire-arms, ran into the woods. Poor David was fixed to the ſpot in terror and conſternation, and one of the Indians paſſed very near him. At that inſtant a deer, which is always attracted by the light, approached the fire: the Indians perceived it, and ſhot it; when, ſuppoſing it was that which created their alarm, they very cheerfully returned to their ſtation; and while they were all buſily engaged with their prize, David with more cautious and ſilent tread purſued his courſe, till he had got to ſuch a diſtance from them as put him out of the way of immediate danger.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLVIII.

AS ſoon as the dawn aroſe, David perceived he was approaching the cleared country, and therefore aſcended a high hill which he ſaw before him, in order to reconnoitre. At the diſtance (as he ſuppoſed) of about five or ſix miles, he deſcried ſome habitations of white men on the left, and a good way further off, others on the right: his wiſh was to avoid all theſe, if poſſible, ſuppoſing them to belong to the friends of the American cauſe. He continued however his route, although it was light, and endeavoured to ſteer his way between them. All day he kept in the deepeſt covert of the woods, notwithſtanding the exceſſive difficulty of penetrating through them; but in the evening he adventured nearer the path. He had not been long there, when he met two little boys with ſatchels on their

backs, and theſe he ventured to addreſs. They told him they were the ſons of one M'Farlane, a Scotch planter, and that their father was abſent with the army; but that their mother was at home, whither they were returning from a little ſchool which another Scotchman kept in the neighbourhood. The innocence of the children could not inform him in which army their father ſerved; but finding that the woman only was at home, he determined to accompany the children, and truſt to her humanity for ſome refreſhment; which if ſhe ſhould be ſo barbarous as to refuſe, he thought, armed as he was, he could always ſecure his retreat. It is a remark pretty univerſally made, that hoſpitality is a virtue which they who live in lonely and deſolate ſituations ſeldom want. David found this exemplified in the preſent inſtance; for the good woman, with her huſband, had formerly emigrated from the Highlands—a country famous for hoſpitality; and with many of their neighbours, who,

like

like them, had fled from feudal oppreſſions and inclement ſkies, had tranſplanted their national virtues and attachments to the back woods of Carolina, where, had they been permitted to remain in peace, they would doubtleſs have much amended their ſituation. But though they were little indebted to the ſoil which gave them birth, yet their affection for it could not be ſhaken; and therefore theſe honeſt people had moſt of them joined with the reſt of their countrymen in adhering to the intereſts of the parent ſtate; and the good man of the houſe was at this time actually ſerving in a corps of Loyaliſts. Nothing could then be more fortunate for poor Morgan than falling in with the boys, who, in the innocence of their hearts, conducted him to their mother, from whom it is needleſs to add he met a kind reception. Having refreſhed himſelf here for a few days, until he recovered the extreme fatigue he had undergone ever ſince the unfortunate day of the engagement, he ſet forward

again, but under the conduct of ſome other young men whoſe fathers had alſo emigrated from Scotland, and who remained attached to the royal cauſe. Every where as they went they had the mortification to find that cauſe declining. The French had now joined the Americans effectually, and the Britiſh forces were obliged to retreat before them, till at laſt the ſurrender of the army under Lord Cornwallis may be ſaid to be entirely deciſive of the war. Morgan had, however, before this event, rejoined his regiment, in which every officer rejoiced to hear that there was a chance for Edward's being ſtill alive; but above all Captain Fanſhaw, who, thinking both he and Captain Rivers ſlain, mourned for them with the affection of a brother, but now rejoiced that one was ſtill alive, and a poſſibility yet remaining that he might be reſtored to his friends and to his country.

In the mean time Edward continued to receive from Weenacoba every mark of tenderneſs

derneſs and affection which her open and untutored nature could ſhew, the higheſt demonſtration of which was her public adoption of him as her ſon, in the preſence of the nation, and his conſequent enrolment in the liſt of Agigua warriors.

The ceremony of adoption being ſomewhat ſingular, it may not be unentertaining to relate it——

Weenacoba firſt intimated her intention to two principal warriors, and to the old beloved man, who ſhe intended ſhould preſide at the ceremony. She next proclaimed a feaſt, to which ſhe invited as many chiefs as ſhe could poſſibly find proviſions for, and to which as many more were welcome as would bring proviſions for themſelves. The chief diſh is broth made of bears' fleſh, dogs, and huckleberries. Of this all are expected heartily to partake, and eſpecially the young warrior elect; for on the ſtrength of this meat he muſt ſubſiſt three days, that his body may be pure, and his dreams favourable; for

no important buſineſs is ever undertaken by an Indian without faſting and dreaming. Poor Edward, on the third day, being queſtioned as to his dreams, declared that he thought himſelf ſtanding beſide the great lake, when he ſaw three bears come out of the woods, and attempt to waſh themſelves in the water: but a large ſwan, who was ſwimming on the lake, attacked them all, and ſwallowed them down one after the other.—Whether Ned really dreamed of this mighty feaſt in conſequence of his long faſt, or whether he only invented it for the preſent occaſion, is not neceſſary to enquire. The old beloved man declared the dream favourable, and Warbiſhcondar, or the White Swan, the name that he ſhould aſſume. A ſweating-houſe was now prepared, that no remains of impurity might be left about him, into which Ned was put quite naked as he was born. This houſe conſiſts of three poles ſet into the earth at convenient diſtances, and made to meet at top, over which are thrown blankets

kets or ſkins, to keep it quite cloſe. A hole is dug in the ground within, into which ſome ſtones made red hot are placed; and on theſe water is ſprinkled from time to time, the ſteam from which throws the perſon encloſed in the houſe into a profuſe perſpiration. Ned endured this operation as long as the old beloved man thought neceſſary, and then was carried between the arms of the two Indian warriors, and, reeking as he was, plunged over head and heels into the river. It is amazing that any perſon can ſurvive this treatment, yet no one ſeems ever to be injured by it. On his coming out, he was laid down on his back on a place built to receive him; and the old beloved man proceeded to inflict on his ſkin the marks of his adoption in the following manner: He drew on each breaſt certain figures with a pointed ſtick dipped in gunpowder and water; and then, with ten needles, made of bone and faſtened to a bit of wood, he pricked the delineated parts, marking them with vermilion. A

deeper

deeper line ſurrounding the whole was cut with a gun-flint, and the wounds waſhed with water in which an herb reſembling box is ſteeped, which ſoon heals them, and prevents their feſtering. Theſe marks have their variety of red and blue from the materials with which they are ſtained: they are indelible by any waſhing, but may be removed by a bliſter. During the whole of this painful and fantaſtical operation, Ned never moved hand or foot, for he knew patience to be eſteemed among the principal of Indian virtues. When the beloved man had finiſhed, he raiſed him by the hand; and, a beaver robe being thrown over his ſhoulders, and a belt of wampum put round his neck, he was led forward to the Aſſembly. Then the head warrior pronounced, "We receive a brother warrior, who appears to have ſenſe; ſhews ſtrength with his arm; and does not refuſe his body to the enemy." The old beloved man concluded the ceremony by impoſing his name in the following addreſs to the Deity:

Deity: "Iſhtooboolo, maſter of life! view us well—we preſent unto thee our brother Warbiſhcondar, beſeeching thee to grant him many days, and thoſe happy."—— All the chiefs then took him by the hand in order; and, being ſeated on another beaver robe, a grand war-pipe was preſented to him to ſmoke, which was afterwards handed round to all the other chiefs; and thus Edward became incorporated into their illuſtrious fraternity.

Another feaſt of dog's-fleſh, bear's-greaſe, and huckleberries, concluded the ſolemnity, in which Warbiſhcondar bore his part with conſiderable applauſe; for it is certain that a three days faſt, when the body is in perfect health, will reconcile the appetite to almoſt any digeſtible thing that can appeaſe it.

It is a ſure ſign of a great mind, when a man can accommodate his temper to endure thoſe misfortunes which Providence or unavoidable neceſſity appoints in his lot. Ned poſſeſſed this excellence both by nature

ture and education: the ſweetneſs of his diſpoſition, ſupported by conſtitutional cheerfulneſs, prompted him always to contemplate the favourable ſide of any event that happened to him; whilſt his deep veneration for the wiſdom of God, and his entire confidence in his goodneſs and mercy, rendered him ſolicitous only to approve himſelf to him in the firſt inſtance, and then to ſubmit, without repining, to whatever croſſes he ſhould lay upon him, from the hope and conviction that their ultimate effects would ſomehow or another turn out to his advantage. This ſentiment, as much the dictate of reaſon as it is of religion, was able to preſerve him from any approach of deſpondency even in his moſt hopeleſs ſituations; and though it is not to be doubted but the mode of life into which he was thrown was exceedingly diſagreeable to him, and that he would gladly have embraced any favourable opportunity of getting rid of it, yet the difficulty and danger of the attempt, which, if it failed, would expoſe him to cer-

tain

tain death by the moſt excruciating tortures, without any hopes of a new reſpite, deterred him for the preſent from undertaking it. He conformed therefore cheerfully to the neceſſity of his ſituation, which he held it to be his duty to do, however irkſome that ſituation might be; and though his lot was caſt among ſavages, yet he reſolved, as long as he ſhould live among them, to live reſpected, and, if it ſhould be his fate to die, to die regretted. He entered therefore into the full ſpirit of the Indian life, and encountered all its dangers and fatigues with as much bravery and hardineſs as thoſe who had been accuſtomed to it from their birth. As the adopted ſon of Weenacoba, his firſt duty was to ſupply to her the place of Onondoga, whom ſhe had loſt; and it may well be queſtioned whether ſhe was any loſer by the exchange.

It is the univerſal fault of ſavages to conſider women as inferior beings, born only for the uſe and convenience of men; rarely therefore do they pay to them any of thoſe tender

tender and endearing attentions which conſtitute the moſt amiable features of European manners, and form the firmeſt baſis of the happineſs of civilized life.

The love of an Indian is little elſe than that coarſe paſſion which we call deſire; and which when gratified loſes its charm, and leaves the unhappy object of it to all that coldneſs and neglect into which ſometimes even love itſelf degenerates, except when it is founded upon ſentiment: and if this be the caſe with love, the ſtrongeſt of all our paſſions, it can hardly be expected that it will fare better with duty, or that the attachment of a young Indian to his mother would be greater than that to his miſtreſs. In Edward, therefore, Weenacoba found far more attention than ever ſhe had received from Onondoga, for the generoſity of his nature could not ſuffer him to be unkind to any woman whatſoever; but the great obligation which he owed to her, and the continued marks of affection which he daily received from her,

inſpired

inſpired him with a regard for her truly tender and ſincere, and which he manifeſted towards her on every occaſion which put it in his power to ſhew it.

Her little plantation of Indian corn, which ſurrounded her wigwawm, and the care and labour of which are generally left entirely to the women, whilſt the lazy Indian ſmokes his pipe in indolence, was by Edward's management put into much better condition than ever it had been before; and enriched with the addition of ſeveral kinds of peas and beans, which he had obſerved wild in the woods, and became a very comfortable addition to their ſubſiſtence;—whilſt his ſkill and activity in hunting, the great buſineſs of the men, was not ſurpaſſed by any Indian in the nation; nor was Weenacoba's ſtock of winter's proviſion ever ſo plentiful or ſo various, nor her wardrobe of ſkins ever ſo rich, as when they were provided by the ſkilful and vigorous arm of her grateful and accompliſhed Warbiſhcondar.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLIX.

THE friendſhip of Awattahowee continued unalterably faithful to Edward; and he, with the aſſiſtance of Quanſhebo's interpretation, began not only to comprehend a great part of what was ſaid to him in the Agiguan language, but alſo to expreſs himſelf ſo as to be tolerably well underſtood. His knowledge of civilized life enabled him to add many comforts to Weenacoba's wigwawm with which ſhe had not before been acquainted, among which a ſort of candles that he invented was not the leaſt; and as he had been remarkably ſucceſsful in his hunting, there was no dwelling in the tribe ſo well prepared againſt the winter, which was now ſet in.

Among Indians in general, there are no fixed meals; but every one eats when the cravings of nature require it. But Edward introduced the cuſtom of a ſocial meal at night,

night, of which Awattahowee frequently partook, as did alſo poor Doran and the American, together with Quanſhebo, and not ſeldom ſeveral of the chiefs. As vaſt quantities of wild honey were to be found in hollows of the old trees, Ned procured plenty of this, ſome of which he preſerved in the comb, and of the reſt made metheglin, which he had often ſeen in Wales, and which, added to the milk of the hiccory-nut, made a very palatable liquor.

Weenacoba was delighted with him, and felt an attachment to him fully equal to what ſhe had ever ſhewn for Onondoga; and if Ned could have extinguiſhed memory, perhaps his life might have glided on with as much happineſs, or at leaſt with as little care, as uſually falls to the lot of any man. But the paſſion of his ſoul was no way abated, nor the dear remembrance of his firſt connections any way effaced. Every morning and every evening were his fervent prayers put up for their welfare, and ſome favourite trees were ſelected in the

the moſt retired receſſes, on which he carved the name of Cecilia, and under whoſe ſhade he devoted many hours to the tender recollection of her features, and to the memory of her dear brother. The locket with her hair was ſtill around his neck, and, according to his Indian creed, became his Manitoo. But the picture which he had from Captain Rivers he fortunately left at Charleſtown, along with ſeveral other things of value, which he hoped to regain if ever he ſhould have the good fortune to eſcape: at preſent, however, there was no feaſible opportunity for attempting it, and therefore he wiſely determined to endure his ſituation with patience, and to make the moſt of it, by accuſtoming himſelf to the fatigues, and learning the reſources of the Indian life.

For this purpoſe he was an unwearied hunter, which is the moſt important occupation of an Indian, as all his domeſtic comfort and convenience depend upon it; beſides which, it is the ſchool of war, and they who excel in it, juſtly attain the re-

ſpect

ſpect and confidence of the whole nation. An accident which happened in one of his excurſions, raiſed him to the higheſt eſtimation of the warriors, and gratified all the generous feelings of his heart.

His friend Awattahowee was almoſt a conſtant partner with him in the toils of the chaſe; and one day as they were coming home after a long and fatiguing range, in which they had met hardly any thing, Awattahowee diſcovered a deer at ſome diſtance, and immediately diſcharged his muſket at it. Whether he wounded the creature or not was never known; for a large panther, who was lurking in a thicket near at hand, and who very probably was himſelf watching the deer, alarmed at the report, inſtantly ſprung from his covert, and with one bound faſtened his claws in Awattahowee's breaſt. The force with which he ſtruck him knocked the Indian fairly on his back; and poor Awattahowee would infallibly have been torn to pieces, had not Edward (or if you pleaſe Warbiſhcondar) inſtantly

inſtantly ſprung to his relief with that undaunted courage and ready preſence of mind which never failed him on any emergency. To fire his muſket was to endanger Awattahowee's life in the moſt imminent degree, for the beaſt was faſtened on his breaſt, where he uttered a moſt hideous growl; but Ned ſprung on him in his turn, and graſped his throat with both his hands ſo firmly that the ferocious creature could not breathe: this made him diſengage his claws from poor Awattahowee's breaſt, which however was miſerably torn; and then with his ſcalping-knife, which always hangs at a warrior's belt, he pierced his heart, while Ned ſtill held him by the throat till he expired.

Awattahowee, thus reſcued from death, embraced his friend with every demonſtration of lively affection, and Ned exulted in the opportunity of returning to Awattahowee a ſervice not inferior to what he had received from him. Some herbs of a ſalubrious nature, with which all Indians are well

well acquainted, were now ſought for; Awattahowee chewed them, and Ned ſpread them on the wounds, which in a few days were healed. The panther they flayed upon the ſpot; and Awattahowee dreſſed his beautiful ſpotted ſkin in the Indian manner, adorned it with a rich fringe of wampum-ſhells, and then preſented it to his friend, to be worn by him on all occaſions of ceremony or feſtivity.

The fame of this adventure endeared Edward to the whole tribe; and Awattahowee made a grand entertainment, to which the whole village was invited, where the panther was ſtewed down into ſoup, and became himſelf the prey of his once proſtrate foe.

It was not long after this that the laſt party of the warriors came home, and brought with them ſome unfortunate priſoners, among whom were two children. It ſeems that theſe warriors had loſt ſome of their brethren in the engagement in which theſe priſoners were taken, and in their

rage they had ſolemnly devoted them to the ſtake: not even the children could be ſpared. Ned was grieved to the heart, and applied to Awattahowee; but he aſſured him, that as they had been ſolemnly devoted to the torture, the ſentence could not be retracted, elſe the Matchu Manitoo, that is, the evil ſpirit, would bring all manner of plagues upon the nation.

Ned, however, endeavoured ſtill to exert himſelf with the other chiefs, and entreated of them only to ſpare the children; but he received the ſame anſwer from them all: he told them that Iſhtoboolo, or the good ſpirit, was the protector of innocence, and would not fail to be the avenger of it, if they deſtroyed the children; but ſtill they were inexorable. No circumſtance he ever met with afflicted him ſo much, nor filled him with ſuch inexpreſſible horror. The day was appointed for this dreadful ſacrifice, which to the Indians was a day of rejoicing; but Edward ſhut himſelf up in his wigwawm, where he took no food, but

ſpent

ſpent all the intermediate time in faſting and prayer, deeply affected with the lamentable tragedy they were going to act, as well as with gratitude to God, who had exempted him from the ſame fate. He prevailed on Weenacoba not to aſſiſt at ſuch a ſpectacle; but Awattahowee would not ſtay from ſo high an entertainment. The ſhouts and acclamations, which he could not help hearing as he lay on his bed, whilſt this bloody ſcene was tranſacting, pierced his ſoul, and made him almoſt curſe the whole nation.

My readers will ſpare me the recital of the atrocious barbarities which were committed. The two unhappy infants, who were ill before, were the firſt who periſhed, in the ſight of their parents, who, however, were in a ſhort time inſenſible to all ſufferings. Awattahowee came to give Ned an account of this maſſacre; but he would not liſten to it, and begged of him to leave him to himſelf for ſome days:—even Weenacoba's attentions were in vain, and ſhe for

the firſt time ſaw diſpleaſure painted on his countenance.

But now the prediction that Edward declared to the chiefs, that the good ſpirit would avenge the ſhedding of innocent blood, was fully and ſeverely fulfilled. The children, before they were maſſacred, had been ſeized with the ſmall-pox, and ſome of the perpetrators of that inhuman action had caught the infection. As the diſeaſe was in a manner new to them, they had no knowledge how to treat it, and the devaſtation it ſoon made was dreadful. Among other victims that fell, was little Onondoga, the only child of Sheeraſta, Awattahowee's ſiſter; and the afflicted mother herſelf was ſeized with it.

When Ned diſcovered what the diſeaſe really was, he called an aſſembly of all the old beloved men and chief warriors, in the mountain houſe, that is, what one may call the town-hall, which no Indian village is without; and there, by the help of Quanſhebo as an interpreter, declared to them, that

that this plague was ſent to them by Iſhto-boolo, as he had predicted, in vengeance for the innocent blood that they had ſhed, and becauſe they would not liſten to the entreaties that he had made to them in favour of the children: that, nevertheleſs, Iſhto-boolo was merciful, and had revealed to him a way to prevent the fatal conſequences of the diſtemper, provided they would ſwear never to torture priſoners again, but eſpecially children, and provided they would implicitly ſubmit to follow his directions during the diſtemper.

A few of the warriors conſented to this; but the greater part, and eſpecially the old beloved men, who were prieſts, phyſicians, and enchanters, treated it with deriſion, and had recourſe to their conſecrated phyſic-pots, and incantations. In the mean time the ravages of the diſtemper increaſed, and threatened the whole nation with extirpation.

Awattahowee's confidence in Edward prevailed on him to be of his party, and he

ſubmitted to be inoculated. Several other young warriors were led by this example, who all had the diſorder in the uſual ſlight manner, and even Sheeraſta recovered under his treatment; but hardly one eſcaped who relied on the prieſts.

At laſt poor Weenacoba herſelf was ſeized; for ſhe, having a brother among the beloved old men, had adhered to her ancient ſuperſtitions, and would not be inoculated. Ned attended her with as much care and affection as if ſhe had really been his mother; and when her diſorder was ſo violent that ſhe could not lie down, he ſupported her for whole days in his arms. She was fully ſenſible of all his grateful attention to her; but it was in vain—on the ſeventh day the eruption went in, and her ſpirits totally failed. He was ſitting behind her on her bed, while her head lay upon his boſom, in which poſture only ſhe could get breath—her underſtanding ſtill remained, though her ſight and hearing were gone; but on the evening of that day ſhe

preſſed

preſſed his hand with hers, ſaying, "Janis, Janis, Neepan!" that is, "My ſon, my ſon, I die!"—and with theſe words ſhe expired.

Ned's grief for the loſs of this benevolent woman, whoſe whole conduct towards him had been truly maternal, was as ſincere as it was well-placed. He buried her with every ceremony that the Indians held to be honourable, and moiſtened her grave with tears of true affection. The alarming progreſs of the diſtemper, by which upwards of two hundred had already fallen, filled the warriors and the old beloved men with conſternation; and they determined, in a ſolemn council, to ſend for Warbiſhcondar, and adhere faithfully to his directions. The youth appeared among them in their great houſe, and there repeated the neceſſity of appeaſing the wrath of Iſhtoboolo for ſhedding innocent blood, by proclaiming a day of ſolemn faſt and purification, and for ever renouncing putting priſoners, but eſpecially children, to death. The firſt, he thought wiſely, might be a proper pre-

parative for inoculation, and there was a poſſibility that the other might, for a time at leaſt, reſtrain the ferocious cuſtom of torturing men to death.

Almoſt all the ſurviving children of the nation, as well as the warriors, and ſeveral of the beloved old men, conſented to be inoculated; the happy effects of which were ſoon viſible by the complete recovery of upwards of ſeven hundred patients, with the loſs only of three or four, and thoſe advanced in years.

CHAP. L.

A SERVICE ſo eſſential raiſed Edward to the very ſummit of honour and eſteem with the whole nation; they conſidered him as in the confidence of the good ſpirit, becauſe he declared to them beforehand the puniſhment that was to be inflicted on them,

them, and afterwards was himſelf the means of averting it; and accordingly they reverenced him even above all the old beloved men. Had Edward been ſo diſpoſed, he might have erected himſelf not only into a ſovereign, but perhaps even into a deity, over the Agiguans; but, like the laſt character, he contented himſelf with doing them good, without looking to any perſonal reward to himſelf. His thoughts, indeed, were now wholly bent on withdrawing himſelf from the country; but to do this with ſafety was a matter of extreme difficulty, becauſe the Indians would never forgive his deſerting them, and would probably purſue him, even for a thouſand miles. The opinion of his communication with the good ſpirit, however, was favourable to him on this occaſion; and I think we may acquit him of want of integrity, although he availed himſelf of that opinion to deceive them. He told his friend Awattahowee that Weenacoba had appeared to him, and that Iſhtoboolo had ſent her to acquaint

him that he ſhould ſhortly require his preſence. Awattahowee was inconſolable at the news; but ſuperſtition is deeply implanted in every Indian boſom, and the commands of the ſpirits ſuggeſted to them in dreams are never known to be diſobeyed. To give the greater appearance of truth to this ſtory, Ned rigidly conformed to all the Indian ritual of purification, and frequently paſſed the whole night at the grave of Weenacoba. It was upon a ſolemn occaſion of this ſort one night, when the moon had newly riſen, and his thoughts were wholly intent on the great buſineſs he was meditating, that he was ſurpriſed to ſee, at ſome diſtance from him, a female figure kneeling on the ground, upon which ſhe was almoſt proſtrate, and ſeemingly intent on ſome act of devotion. The place ſhe had choſen was exceedingly retired; but the gleams of the moon ſhone ſtrong upon her, and diſcovered her, notwithſtanding the trees which ſurrounded her. A ſight ſo uncommon excited his curioſity, for he never

never ſaw any ſerious expreſſion of devotion among the Indians before, and he determined to be more aſſured if it was really ſuch he now ſaw. She was ſo intent upon her employment, that he approached her unperceived, and then, from behind a tree, beheld the faithful and afflicted Sheeraſta, a widow of only nineteen, weeping at the grave of her huſband, and milking her breaſt on the new-made grave beſide it, of her little ſon, whom likewiſe ſhe had lately loſt.

An expreſſion of grief ſo tender and affecting did not fail to touch Edward's ſympathizing heart. He reverenced that truth and intenſe affection which filled the faithful though untutored heart of this gentle ſavage. He called, Sheeraſta! She knew his voice, and, riſing with dignity and without ſurpriſe, replied in words that may be thus tranſlated: "Warbiſhcondar, the maſter of life has taken from me the apple of my eye, and the core of my heart, and hid them in theſe graves; I will water the one

with my tears, and the other with the ſap of my breaſt, till I find them again in the country where the ſun never ſets."——She then retired towards her own home, leaving Edward touched with the tendereſt ſenſibility, and filled with admiration of that conſtancy and virtue, which, if it had been found in civilized life, would be equally honoured and applauded.

The ſeaſon being now ſo far advanced that he might expect to find berries and other fruits in the woods during his long and perilous expedition, Ned determined to put it in execution let the event be what it would; but firſt he told Doran his real intention, recommending it to him to remain ſome time longer, and to divert the Indians from making any ſearch after him if they ſhould be ſo inclined.

He then called a meeting of the warriors and the old beloved men, and informed them, that Iſhtoboolo had ſent to him the ſpirit of his ever loved and lamented Weenacoba to order him to meet him on the

the firſt day of the new moon, in the ſacred caverns of the holy rock; that he ſhould remain there thirty days and thirty nights; but that whether Iſhtoboolo would permit him to return to them, or order him to attend on Weenacoba in the world of ſpirits, he could not tell. In either caſe he would never ceaſe to pray the Father of days to ſend them plenty of beavers, and make their enemies turn their backs in battle.

The ſpeech was received with every demonſtration of implicit faith and affectionate eſteem; and a deputation of beloved old men and head warriors were appointed to attend him to the lake, and ſee him embark for the ſacred caves. On the laſt evening previous to his departure he invited Awattahowee to his wigwawm, where he entertained him with the beſt fare he had. He could not help pitying the concern which that young man expreſſed, and endeavoured to ſooth him with the hopes of ſeeing him again. He committed to his

truſt

truſt all the valuable ſcalps and rich furs which compoſed the furniture, telling him that if he did not return on the thirty-firſt day, that he might be ſure he was gone to the world of ſpirits, in which he would not fail to pray Iſhtoboolo to protect him; and, in that caſe, to take all to himſelf:—that he would carry nothing away but his arms, the wampum belt which Weenacoba had given him, and the panther's ſkin which he himſelf had dreſſed for him. Poor Awattahowee, though heir to all theſe poſſeſſions, left the wigwawm with a ſorrowing heart, and Warbiſhcondar ſtretched himſelf for the laſt time on his bear-ſkin couch.

When he was left entirely alone, and all was ſilent about him, the importance of the expedition he was about to enter upon occupied all his mind. The greateſt danger and difficulty he hoped he had already overcome by the pious fraud he practiſed on Indian credulity, whereby he left their country not only with their conſent, but

even

even with their applauſe:—but ſtill much was before him; a journey of upwards of ſeven hundred miles, through an uninhabited deſert, infeſted by ſerpents and wild beaſts, and (if he ſhould get through this) four hundred more through an enemy's country, to be undertaken ſingly and alone, without any chance for refreſhment or ſuccour in caſe of ſickneſs or accident, was ſurely a formidable proſpect, and ſufficient to damp the ardour of any leſs ſteady and fortified mind than Edward's. But his reſolution was equal to any trial; and the habitual recollection that, in whatſoever point of ſpace he could be placed, he ſhould ſtill be in the ſight and within the embrace of his Creator, was a conſolation, which, as he never let it out of his mind for a moment, gave him confidence and firm ſupport in every poſſible ſituation, though it ſhould be death itſelf. Fear therefore he delivered to the guilty, as not becoming him who had put on the whole armour of God;

God; and placing hope in his view, he truſted to a ſucceſsful iſſue of his undertaking, and gave up his mind to the contemplation of the happy hours, when perhaps he might again behold the ſoft eyes of Lady Cecilia ſmiling in tears, while he related to her the heroic death of her gallant brother, and his own perilous adventures.

Here the tender recollection of his beloved friend roſe in his mind, and claimed the generous tribute of manly ſorrow :—the glimmering light of his taper now dying in its ſocket, ſhone by ſtarts on the empty couch of poor Weenacoba. His ſoul was tuned to tenderneſs, and in that inſtant the tear of gratitude mingled its precious ſtream with thoſe of friendſhip and of love. At length he ſlept.—Oh ye virtuous! ye who confide in God, and love your brethren of mankind! ye whoſe every action ſprings from duty and from ſentiment! it is yours alone to ſleep alike ſweetly and ſecure in the

the wigwawm of the ſavage, the moſs of the deſert, or the downy bed and ſplendid chamber of the great.

Poor Awattahowee, whoſe repoſe had been leſs tranquil, aroſe with the firſt dawning of the day, to take his laſt leave of his beloved Warbiſhcondar. The chiefs and the old beloved men attended as they had agreed; and Ned walked forth, clad only with the panther's ſkin around his loins, the wampum belt around his neck, and a pair of new moccaſſins on his feet. At his back hung an Indian bow, with a quiver full of arrows; at his ſide a tomahawk and ſcalping-knife, not for their uſual ferocious purpoſes, but as being really uſeful inſtruments on many occaſions. In his hand he carried his muſket, and from his belt was ſuſpended a ſmall bag with about two pounds of powder, balls, and flints.

Thus accoutred, he came to the banks of the lake, where Awattahowee had provided him a ſmall bark canoe, with two paddles,

and

and a bag of parched corn as an offering to the great ſpirit.

As he ſtood on the bank, all the warriors and beloved men ſhook him by the hand; and the great beloved man, that is the oldeſt, deſired him to remember them to Iſhtoboolo, and to entreat him to ſend them good hunting ſeaſons. This on his part he promiſed faithfully to do, and to repreſent to him how kindly they had behaved to him, for which he now thanked them. When he took Doran's hand, he bade him 'remember!' which ſingle word was ſufficient to direct his conduct. The laſt he ſpoke to was Awattahowee—as he held him by the hand his eye dwelt long upon him, for he knew it would be his laſt ſight.—Awattahowee wept—the ſavage wept—for nature formed him of her richeſt clay—He hung upon Ned's neck, and his parting words were, "May Iſhtoboolo preſerve bright the chain that binds faſt the heart of Awattahowee to Warbiſhcondar!"—— Edward's

ward's heart was full; he gave him a laſt embrace, and paddled off in his canoe. As he went off from the ſhore towards the holy rock, which we before mentioned the Indians held in ſuch veneration, and which was at the diſtance of ſomewhat better than a quarter of a mile, they all ſet up the ſolemn ſong which they ſing annually on their great feſtival of general expiation. Ned heard their voices ſofter and ſofter as he receded; they continued on the bank ſtill gazing and ſtill ſinging, and he continued ſtill looking and ſtill liſtening, till he approached the ſacred caves. As he entered the awful arch, he fired his muſket for a laſt ſalute: the Indians anſwered it from the ſhore, and, amidſt the roar of echoes, he loſt ſight of them for ever.

CHAP.

CHAP. LI.

NO ſituation, in which immediate danger does not form a part, could well be more awful than that in which he now found himſelf. The human countenance, even in its moſt ſavage ſtate, has ſomething in it divine; and to loſe ſight of it for ever would perhaps be a melting conſideration even to the hardeſt heart. But Edward, during a year and a half that he had reſided with the Agiguans, had experienced all the tenderneſs and affection which nature planted in her genuine offspring, and in a degree more intenſe and faithful than perhaps the diſguiſed manners of poliſhed life can either attain or expreſs. When, therefore, he could ſee them no more, he almoſt felt himſelf forlorn; and this moment, which he had long panted for with all the fervency of deſire, he found, when it arrived,

damped

damped with regret. He caſt his eyes upwards to the awful and ſublime cavern, into the receſſes of which he was perhaps the firſt human being that had ever dared to enter; and, adopting the Indian idea, that it was the temple of the great ſpirit, he reſolved that the firſt words he uttered ſhould be dedicated to his praiſe: "O thou Almighty Being (ſaid he) who inhabiteſt eternity, and from whoſe eye the profoundeſt caverns of the deep cannot be hid! deign to behold with mercy the humbleſt and leaſt worthy of thy creatures, who hath no ſtrength but in thy arm, no confidence but in thy help, and who, in all the trials which thou haſt appointed him, beſeeches the aid of thy grace to enable him to perſevere!"— A deep and hollow voice reſounded from the inmoſt receſſes of the cave, 'Perſevere!" Ned knew it to be but the echo of the laſt word which he pronounced; but, ſeizing it as a favourable reſponſe, he determined to truſt the omen, and, after doing all that he could for himſelf, to leave the iſſue to God.

With

With this intent he reſolved to penetrate as far as poſſible to the bottom of the cavern, where he intended to remain till night, leſt any of the Indians might be induced to watch his motions, and ſhould ſee him come out again. A multitude of water-fowl built their neſts in the ſides of this cave; and this being their laying ſeaſon, he might have freighted his canoe with eggs if he had had a mind. He took as many as he needed for preſent uſe, and ſpared the lives of the birds that layed them, as a ſatisfaction for the robbery. The parched corn, which the piety of Awattahowee had ſent as an offering to the good ſpirit, he reſerved for his own uſe, without thinking he did that ſpirit any injury, or that he would deprive his friend of any bleſſing in return; and thus he proceeded in his canoe as far as the water would carry it. In this ſpot he might have remained in perfect ſecurity as long as he pleaſed: but as he perceived the cavern extended much farther, though without water, his curioſity

curioſity prompted him to explore it; for this, however, a light was neceſſary, as that of day could ſerve him no farther than the next turning. But here was a difficulty which, however, he in part ſurmounted, by twiſting the fibres of ſome withered vegetables, which, as far as the influence of the external air and light extended, grew from among the crevices of the rocks; and, by rubbing them with pounded gunpowder a little damped, he formed a kind of ſpunk, which kindled like a ſquib, and yielded for a time a dull light. Having provided a parcel of theſe, and ſwallowed half a dozen raw eggs, with ſome parched corn, and put the remainder in his pouch, he ſet forward on his inveſtigation. The way was long and diſmal, like that which the poets feign to lead down to Tartarus, and little leſs dangerous in reality, ſince there were many pits and ſlippery places, in which a falſe ſtep might be death. Poor Ned, when he undertook the taſk, did not know the danger, and began to wiſh he had

had not attempted it; but as, by the glimmering light he had, the way ſeemed rather to widen and grow more eaſy, he continued to go on, till all on a ſudden he fell down, and rolled along a ſlippery rock for the length of many yards. During the time he was falling he expected nothing but to be daſhed to pieces: he, however, found himſelf at the bottom, unhurt, but in total darkneſs, and, what was worſe, all his ſpunks loſt in the fall. His ſituation was now dreadful, as he could not move a ſtep without the apprehenſion of breaking his neck; but his muſquet was ſtill in his hand; and all his other accoutrements, which were faſtened about him, ſtill ſafe. His firſt reſource was to fire his muſquet. By the light of the flaſh, and the diſmal reſounding of the echoes, he perceived he was at the bottom of a great vault; and the ground being ſmooth under his feet, and compoſed of ſmall ſand, he was not in danger of breaking his neck: but, alas! he was immured as it were in the grave, ſince to

aſcend to where he fell from, was impoſſible without aſſiſtance, and his moſt diligent ſearch did not diſcover any other outlet. While life remained, he determined to exert himſelf to preſerve it, and, when he could do that no longer, to die contented. His firſt exertion was to procure light; and this he effected by wetting ſome gunpowder with ſpittle, kneading it into a paſte in his hands, and then ſetting fire to it with dry powder in the pan of his muſket: by the light of this he was fortunate enough to recover his ſpunks, which had rolled from him in his fall, and were lying at the bottom of the rock; he diſcovered too that the cavern he was in was large, but though he went round it and round it a hundred times, he ſaw no poſſible exit. Exhauſted by his fruitleſs fatigue, and conceiving himſelf to be irretrievably loſt, he reſigned himſelf quietly to his fate, and laid himſelf down upon the ground. How he employed himſelf there we may judge from what we know of him

already; he attained however to that ſubmiſſion of will and compoſure of ſpirits, that lulled his ſorrows to oblivion, and actually ſuffered him to ſleep. How long he lay in this ſtate of ſuſpended ſenſibility he never knew; all that he could tell was, that he dreamed he was in the cavern where he actually lay, and that on a ſudden it opened at the top, and that his dear friend Captain Rivers called to him from thence, and taking him by the hand he found no difficulty in mounting from the ground and going away with him. The paſſionate eagerneſs to eſcape inſtantly woke him: but his ſurpriſe was great, when he actually found ſome creature licking his hand: of what ſpecies it was his feeling could not diſcover, but his preſence of mind dictated to him to light his ſpunk, which he did in his uſual manner. The flaſh frightened the beaſt, which inſtantly fled to a part of the rock that jutted out, and diſappeared behind it. The diſcovery revived hope: he immediately haſtened to the ſame ſpot,

where

where he perceived a hole which with ſome difficulty admitted his body; he found it ſloped upwards, and through this he continued to creep for near an hour as he ſuppoſes, till at laſt he had the comfort to diſcover light, and, in a few minutes afterwards, the inexpreſſible joy to gain the open air. The creature to whom under God he owed his deliverance was of the badger kind, which, though of great ſtrength of body, and conſiderable ſize, is yet perfectly harmleſs and inoffenſive, induſtrious only in ſeeking out the deepeſt and moſt lonely receſſes for its habitation, and perhaps was now directed to make that cavern its retreat by the expreſs providence of God to deliver his ſervant. In this light it is certain Edward took it, and derived from it proportionable truſt and confidence.

At the time of his emerging from this frightful cave, the morning ſeemed but little advanced, ſo that he concluded he had paſſed a whole night in it, and a great part

of the day before. He found himſelf within half a mile of the ſpot where he entered the ſacred rock, and thought (perhaps not without reaſon) that as it was the firſt time, ſo ſhould it be the laſt that he would be ſo venturous.

The deſert was now before him; but no danger it could preſent could be in any degree ſo terrible as that which he had eſcaped, eſpecially as, being now ſo uſed to the woods, and ſo accuſtomed to the Indian life, he was not inferior to any native either in hardineſs or in reſources. His intention was to return if poſſible to Charleſtown, and for this purpoſe to endeavour to ſhape his courſe ſo as to fall in with the back ſettlements of Carolina. But they who conceive no difficulty in this, muſt be told, that the foreſts of America, to a perſon not accuſtomed to them, are fully as trackleſs, and greatly more intricate than the Atlantic Ocean. You may wander for ages in this boundleſs deſert, incumbered with briers, ſtopped with ſwamps, expoſed to wild beaſts

beaſts and noxious reptiles, without ever being able to ſee twenty yards around you. Compaſs—Ned had none, though highly neceſſary to the ſafety of thoſe who ſhould only venture for a mile beyond the ſettled plantations; and as for the face of any of the celeſtial luminaries, it was rarely that the thickneſs of the trees would ever let him diſcover one of them. One obſervation he had however made, that the branches are always larger and the foliage more luxuriant on the ſouth ſide of a tree than on the north, and this was the guide he ſteered by; ſometimes indeed he got a glimpſe of the ſun himſelf, or mounted to the top of one of the talleſt pines to obſerve him, and by this corrected his courſe. Seventeen days had he paſſed in this laborious journey, without ever deſcrying human face, or veſtige of human foot. At laſt he obſerved ſome blazes on the trees, that is, part of the bark chopped off on certain trees within ſight of each other: this he knew to be a path, and accordingly found

his road ſomewhat leſs incumbered. Five days more he journeyed in this path, with more eaſe, but equal ſolitude, always repoſing at night among the branches of the thickeſt tree he could find. On the evening of the fifth day, about ſunſet, he heard the ſound of Indian voices ſinging ſome of their cheerful ſongs, and ſoon after diſcovered the party preparing for their evening's encampment. In former days this would have been a ſight of terror, but was now a circumſtance of the higheſt ſatisfaction. According to the etiquette of Indian politeneſs, which admits of no intruſion, he gave notice of his approach, by the peculiar holloa uſed on ſuch occaſions, and then ſtood ſtill in his place. Two of the party were immediately deputed to bring him to the circle, where he was received by the reſt with all their uſual reſpect and hoſpitality. They ſoon perceived he was a white man, but ſaw by his marks that he was an adopted warrior of a nation with which they were in alliance. It is not the

cuſtom,

cuſtom, however, to trouble any ſtranger with queſtions, until he is reſted, and they have entertained him. It was with much pleaſure that poor Ned beheld a good fire kindled, and preparation for a plentiful ſupper, there being no want of proviſions, nor yet of good liquor in the company; and even the ſight of human faces, after ſo long a ſolitude, was a circumſtance of conſiderable ſatisfaction. The party he had fallen in with belonged to the Chickeſaw nation, who were in friendſhip with the Agiguans, and were now returning from Charleſtown, where they had been to purchaſe various articles according to the now conſtant practice of the Indian nations; and by theſe warriors Ned was informed that the great king beyond the ſalt lake was not able to bring back his rebellious children to their duty, and had therefore given them up altogether, and ordered all his red warriors home; or, in other words, that there was peace between England and America, and that Charleſtown was evacuated by the

Britiſh troops. Though Edward was too good a patriot not to mourn for the diſgraces of his country, yet he was alſo too good a chriſtian not to rejoice in the return of peace, and that a period was put to the deſolating miſeries of civil war.

As he had no perſonal enmity againſt the Americans, their eſtabliſhing their independence gave him little concern; but the country being in peace was a matter of the utmoſt moment, and ſeemed to ſmooth all his difficulties at once. He entertained the chiefs with juſt ſo much of his hiſtory as he thought proper; informing them, that he was an Engliſh officer, but had been adopted by a friendly nation, for whom he felt the ſincereſt affection; and that he was on his road to Charleſtown, to ſerve their intereſts as well as his own. The grog and the pipe went merrily round; and after a dance hand in hand about the fire, in which Ned heartily joined, they all lay down to ſleep, with their feet towards it, according to the Indian faſhion, and ſome horſes that

they

they had with them tied to the trees without them. In the morning they gave Edward another repaſt, and preſented him with ſome neceſſaries, particularly a powder-horn fully repleniſhed, and ſome rice biſcuits that they had brought with them; and then took leave, according to cuſtom, with ſhaking of hands and another ſong.

Four days more he travelled alone before he arrived at the back ſettlements, which at laſt he reached on the twenty-ninth day from his quitting the cavern; and had the comfort to ſleep that night in a chriſtian habitation. The good man of the houſe was an Iriſhman, and with his three ſons had ſerved by turns in the American army; for his countrymen had adhered to the American cauſe, almoſt as univerſally as the Scotch did to the Britiſh. When Paddy firſt ſaw Ned, he took him for an Indian, and even in that character was willing enough to ſhew him hoſpitality; but when he diſcovered him to be

a Britiſh officer, and that he had been in his own dear country, there were no bounds to his kindneſs; and all that he had, and every thing in and out of his houſe, was at his ſervice.

CHAP.

CHAP. LII.

THE impatience of Edward to hear ſomething of his friends, to join his regiment, and to regain the comforts of civilized life, did not permit him to accept of the honeſt Iriſhman's hoſpitable invitation, to repoſe himſelf for a few days with him; but as he had ſtill nothing on him but his wampum belt, and panther's ſkin, he was obliged to one of the young men for ſomething of a more decent dreſs, and got from him a ſhirt, a ſhort jacket, and a pair of trowſers; he likewiſe furniſhed him with a horſe, and undertook to conduct him to Doctor Denton's, about thirty miles from where they were, but which was the neareſt ſettlement belonging to any gentleman of fortune in that part of the country. This was highly acceptable to Edward, for he had ſome little knowledge of the doctor, having ſeen

him once or twice at Mrs. Middleham's, to the ſiſter of whoſe huſband he was married; and he knew him to be a gentleman of ſuch liberal manners, and unbounded benignity of heart, that his having been compelled in the line of his duty to appear once as his enemy would have no weight in diminiſhing, whatever it might have in adding to, the number and the delicacy of thoſe attentions which he never failed to pay to every perſon who required them from him. The doctor, indeed, was of a character ſomewhat ſingular, but then it was an amiable and a virtuous ſingularity. He was a younger ſon of one of the wealthieſt planters in the province, who at the ſame time had the character of being one of the moſt rigid and ſevere. The cruelties which he exerciſed over his negroes had drawn on him the animadverſions even of thoſe who ſeldom pitied them; but had almoſt broke his ſon's heart, which being filled with the ſweeteſt milk of human kindneſs, could not endure to witneſs thoſe barbarities which

no interceſſion of his could ſoften, and which at laſt obliged him to eſtrange himſelf wholly from his father's houſe. He ſought therefore and obtained his leave to go over to Europe, where he applied himſelf to the ſtudy of phyſic, as well as to ſeveral other branches of polite literature, in all of which he attained to a conſiderable degree of eminence. On his return to his native country, he commenced practitioner of phyſic, and ſuch was his ſkill and ſucceſs that he muſt ſoon have made a conſiderable fortune: but here the extreme delicacy of his feelings again interpoſed, and he was perhaps the only profeſſional man in any country who felt wounded by the number and the greatneſs of his fees: but ſo it was; he could not bear to receive money for his aſſiſtance; and as few were either entitled or would chooſe to aſk it for nothing, his practice became confined either to his immediate relatives, or to thoſe on whom he beſtowed it as a charity; and of theſe, indeed, the number was far

far from inconſiderable. On his father's death, he became entitled to a conſiderable fortune, which was increaſed by his happy union with the amiable daughter of the elder Mr. Middleham, and ſiſter to the huſband of the lady whom Edward reſcued from the impertinence of a ſentinel. Having now an income fully equal to the moderateneſs of his deſires, the doctor retired to the back country, where he had a very extenſive plantation, and where his firſt care was to compile a ſhort and plain code of laws, formed on the moſt manifeſt utility, for the government of his negroes, who amounted to about four hundred. Impreſſed with a deep ſenſe of religion himſelf, which was alſo a ſtriking feature in Mrs. Denton's character, he endeavoured to communicate this enlivening principle to all over whom he had any influence, and therefore made it his conſtant practice, as there was no clergyman within two hundred miles of him, to perform divine ſervice himſelf every Sunday in one of his out-

houſes

houſes fitted up for the purpoſe, to which all were welcome to come that were in the neighbourhood, and where he required the preſence of all his negroes who were of an age to underſtand the buſineſs they were about.

In this affecting duty the doctor was engaged when Edward arrived at his houſe. He had been ſo long among the heathens, that he really had forgot the days of the week, and did not know that this was Sunday till he heard how the doctor was employed. He inſtantly haſtened to the houſe of prayer, and rejoiced in the opportunity of pouring out the effuſions of his grateful heart to the merciful Being who had conducted him through ſo many perils, and brought him at laſt into a chriſtian land. When the ſervice was ended, he advanced to the doctor and Mrs. Denton, who did not at firſt recollect him, but, upon his explaining to them his ſituation, received him with the moſt cordial hoſpitality, and with the offer of every accommodation they had

to beſtow. Among the reſt, the doctor inſiſted upon Ned's receiving a ſupply of money, which indeed was now become neceſſary to him, and which he did not refuſe taking, as he knew a very conſiderable ſum was now due to him from the agent of the regiment.

In a remote ſituation like the doctor's, every gentleman is under the neceſſity of having large ſupplies of all the uſual accommodations of life, and all the ordinary trades moſt in uſe were carried on by ſome or other of his negroes: from theſe magazines, therefore, Edward got a temporary ſupply of all the articles of which he ſtood moſt in need, and was in a few days thoroughly equipped to proceed on his journey to Charleſtown, from whence he hoped to find an eaſy paſſage to Europe. But he had ſo ingratiated himſelf with the doctor and his amiable wife, that they could not bring themſelves to part with him; and at laſt when they found him bent upon going, they determined to accompany him as far

as

as Mr. Middleham's plantation, which indeed might be ſaid to be the whole way, as it lay within ſixteen miles of the city.

Ned diſmiſſed his back-woods-man with a handſome preſent for his trouble in attending him to the doctor's, and with much ſatisfaction accepted of a ſeat in their chaiſe, accompanied both by the doctor and his lady. The journey was ſtill a length of ſome hundred miles, which ſhewed the extreme kindneſs of his new friends in undertaking it, purely to accommodate him; for it was but a few weeks ſince they had been at Mr. Middleham's in their way down to their own houſe. Every night they were entertained by private families, there being no public-houſes at ſo remote a diſtance; but their fare was excellent, and as freely given as it was thankfully received. The contraſt between this part of his journey and that which he had ſo lately paſſed, gave Ned an unuſual flow of ſpirits, and made him wonder at the ſtrange paradox which ſome modern philoſophers

philoſophers have advanced, "That the ſavage life was upon the whole more deſirable, and more productive of real happineſs, than the civilized."—Edward had tried both; and though he acknowledged a contented mind could make to itſelf happineſs in the ſavage ſtate, yet there was no compariſon in the degree to which the ſame mind could attain in civilized ſociety.

At laſt they approached the domains of Mr. Middleham. The quantity of cleared ground with cattle of all kinds grazing, interſperſed with trees that ſeemed coeval with the creation, and between which might be diſcovered the windings of Aſhley river, on the banks of which, on a high terrace, ſtood the noble manſion belonging to this accompliſhed and virtuous patriot, recalled to Edward's mind the groves of Ravenſdale, or at leaſt ſome European ſeat the habitation of taſte and opulence. If the approach to this charming reſidence filled Edward's mind with a tranquil pleaſure, how much was it increaſed, and how joyful was his

ſurpriſe,

ſurpriſe, when, upon entering the gate that led up to it, he ſaw David Morgan in the avenue! His aſtoniſhment would hardly let him truſt his own eyes; but making an apology to the doctor and Mrs. Denton, and telling them the occaſion, he jumped out of the chaiſe, and filled Morgan with ſtill greater amaze and ſtill greater raptures than he had himſelf experienced. The time would not allow them to enter into minute details of their mutual adventures; only Morgan informed Ned, that after the ceſſation of arms he had attached himſelf to Captain Fanſhaw, and had returned with him from the northward to Charleſtown, to ſee Mrs. Fanſhaw, who, being very near her time, could not travel when the Britiſh evacuated that place, but remained in her own lodgings, and received many civilities from ſeveral American ladies, and particularly from Mrs. Middleham, who had the kindneſs to aſk her out with her to this ſeat; that both ſhe and the captain were there, and that he had come with them.

"But,

"But, my dear maſter," added David, "I hope nothing will ever ſeparate us again! I am yours to the end of my days, and to the fartheſt corner of the world." Ned ſhook him by the hand in confirmation of the bargain; and now Captain Fanſhaw's two little boys advanced jumping and overjoyed to ſee Edward again, who, as he came near the houſe, met Mr. and Mrs. Middleham, with all the reſt of their company, coming out to welcome him to their houſe. Ned had never ſeen Mr. Middleham before; but the good report of Mrs. Middleham had ſecured him a moſt cordial reception, not diminiſhed by the details of thoſe noble parts of his character with which Mr. and Mrs. Fanſhaw were well acquainted, and which they had related to Mr. and Mrs. Middleham even when they almoſt deſpaired of ever ſeeing him again. Upon the whole, it was hard to meet with any group more worthy in themſelves, or more entirely agreeable to each other. If there was any thing to

damp

damp the ſatisfaction which Captain Fanſhaw and Edward felt in their ſituation, it was to behold the marks of that brutal and ungenerous miſchief which the Britiſh ſoldiers had committed in every part of the houſe, and through all the ornamented grounds, while they held it in poſſeſſion. This they felt as an everlaſting reproach to them whenever they opened their eyes, or to whatſoever object they turned them: but a ſyllable on the ſubject never eſcaped from the generous proprietors, nor yet an expreſſion of exultation on account of the glorious iſſue of the conteſt in which they were ſo long engaged; a delicacy inſeparable from elevated minds prevented them from touching upon ſubjects that could have the remoteſt tendency to wound the feelings of any individual under the protection of their roof; but they took the noble revenge of ſubduing the hearts as well as the arms of their enemies, and of obliterating the remembrance of injuries

by

by the more pleaſing recollection of kindneſſes.

In the mutual intercourſe of friendſhip, and in a round of amuſements equally elegant and various, in which both the Middlehams and the Dentons were well able to excel, did Ned ſpend three weeks of the happieſt hours he had experienced ſince he left Ravenſdale. And now Captain Fanſhaw having received advice from Charleſtown, that a fleet was ſhortly to ſail for Europe, the firſt that were going to Engliſh ports ſince the peace, he and Edward determined to take their paſſage together, and once more to croſs the Atlantic, perhaps for the laſt time; being both of them thoroughly awakened from their dream of glory, and deeming the ploughſhare and the pruning-hook far more pleaſing, as well as more uſeful inſtruments, than the ſword and the bayonet.

Their good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Middleham, with Doctor and Mrs. Denton, felt

felt ſincere regret in parting with them: they accommodated them with their own coach and a poſt-chaiſe, with a horſe for David Morgan; and after a thouſand vows of unalterable gratitude and regard, they ſet off together for Charleſtown.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

BRITISH MUSEUM